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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXXIV No. 2410 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MARCH 30 1946

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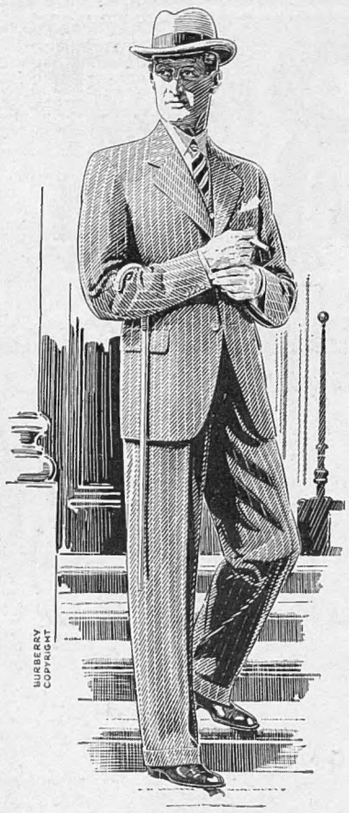

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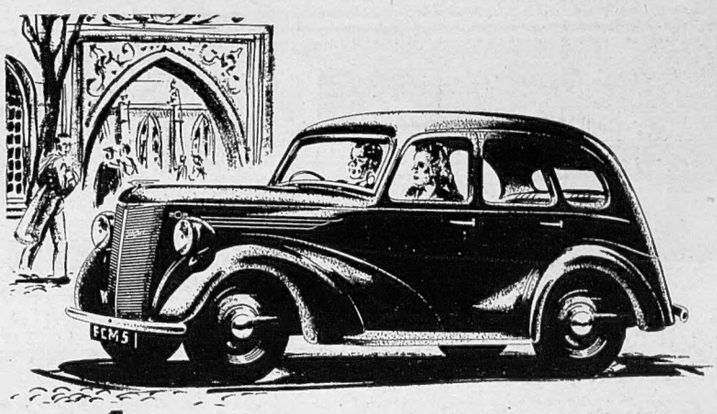

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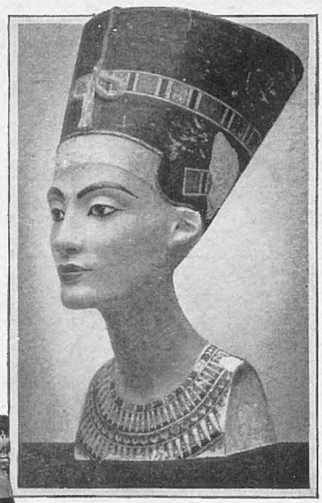

QUEEN NOFRETETE
by an artist of the Armarna Period
(Berlin Museum)

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by Macdonald & Muir

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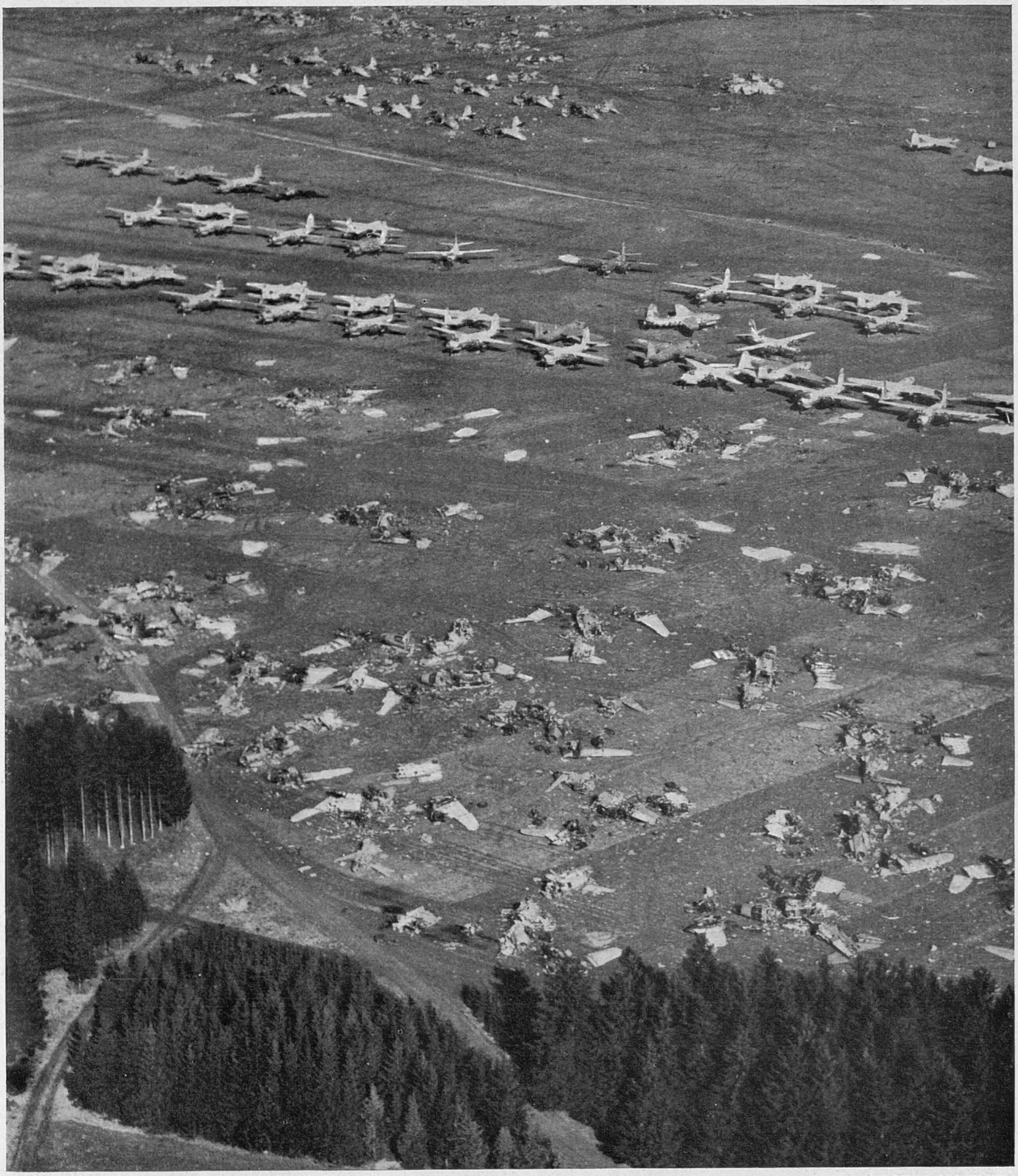
BEST TODAY ★ STILL BETTER TOMORROW

Volume CLXXXIV No. 2410 The SPHERE, London, March 30, 1946

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



THE FIGHTING PLANES ARE BEING DESTROYED—THE AIRFIELD AT LANDSBERG, IN BAVARIA, WHERE 5,000 FIGHTERS AND BOMBERS ARE BEING BLOWN UP: How the Americans are disposing of their surplus machines, each receiving a charge of 20 lbs. of T.N.T.

LANDSBERG is only one of many airfields in occupied Germany where the Americans are disposing of their surplus war planes rather than run the expense of conveying them back to America, a task that would also demand shipping space and man-power that can be ill-spared at this juncture. Altogether about 5,000 machines have been assembled at Landsberg, and each one is treated to a charge of 20 lbs. of T.N.T., the scrap metal afterwards being taken away for salvage. In the foreground can be seen some of the gutted aircraft, with wings and tail units scattered in all directions; and in the distance are ranged other planes awaiting destruction. Medium bombers figure largely among the casualties

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 1½d

SPRING COMES TO LONDON, AND YOUTH DISPORTS IN HYDE PARK: After the biting winds of early March, the weather suddenly changed last week. Riders appeared in the Row in greater numbers, and the children came out in force

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Stalin's Faith in U.N.O.—

Stalin has openly expressed his confidence in U.N.O.'s power, under certain conditions, to keep the peace of the world. I am reminded of a passage from *Treasure Island*, with Stalin in the role of Squire Trelawny, Britain and America playing the doctor and the captain. No one denies that there has been too much *talking*. In modern phraseology it goes by the name of propaganda. "Trelawny," say the Doctor and the Captain, "we 'll go with you [to find the treasure]. There 's only one man we 're afraid of." "And who 's that?" cried the Squire. "Name the dog, Sir!" "*You*," replied the Doctor, "for you cannot hold your tongue." Stalin, anticipating perhaps this criticism and believing attack to be the best means of defence, has levelled the charge of propagandist activity at the Doctor and the Captain. Well, there it is. It is *something* that Stalin acknowledges the hideous danger inherent in propaganda aimed at a friendly power in the ranks of U.N It may be a presage that this loathsome weapon will be henceforth allowed to rust. It is something to have it on paper that Russia still believes in U.N.O., will still attend its deliberations, obey its rules and, we all hope, abide by its decisions properly taken. It is something to know that Stalin is with his own people and army in desiring, above all, to prevent and outlaw war, and that he believes that war is not "round the corner." It only remains for every nation in the U.N.O. to agree that "anti-anybody" propaganda is the short cut to the battlefield. Stalin is quite right there. The short cut must be barred and locked.

Capitalism Had a Try.—

As the years pass, the curtain is raised now and again and we are allowed a peep of the 'ooves of the 'osses—war-horses. Of all the war secrets hitherto released, whether deliberately or by chance, none has jolted me more than that let slip during Goering's examination. Germany wanted to know what Britain's reaction would be to the rape of Poland. Our Ambassador at Berlin presumably had "had a try" to give the Hitler gang an idea of the true Britain. The failure of his mission was by that time as clear to him as to everyone else. The Foreign Office and Government scratched their heads in impotence, and it was a Swedish industrialist who collected, presumably from among his business associates in England, a cross-section of "British Business" to come out to Germany for a secret conference with Goering. These young and middle-aged directors of companies (film, electricity undertakings, and so forth), chosen haphazardly, went out "in the cause of Peace" with the knowledge and blessing of our F.O., whose trained personnel had failed. The revelation makes it easier for me to understand why our "Democracy" is still so widely suspected as capitalistic, not only abroad but in our own land. Perhaps it is for the best that we are still as of old a blindfold nation. How often in the past decades our flesh would have crept and our knees become as water, if we had known what was going on behind the scenes! This particular act, at least, takes some of the wind out of the sails of opposition criticism that the T.U.C. sometimes is allowed to play a leading part nowadays in settling important policies entrusted by the nation to its Government. It is tit for tat.

£1,000 Per Annum.—

I record a few early reflections on a Committee's proposal to increase the salary of an M.P. to £1,000 per annum. The youngest Member of the House is usually under twenty-five. When I was a boy, £1,000 per annum was the goal of middle age in many of the higher professions. The "baby of the House" is seldom fully trained in his "higher profession." £1,000 a year is, even to-day, when the fashion is to demand more money for less work, a good screw for a youth under twenty-five. But £1,000 a year doesn't go very far to-day, even if a part of it is free of tax; and we are told that M.P.s are among the hardest-worked of professional men. But we do not all have visible proof of our Member's activity in our behoof. My own representative is, I believe, an active Member, but he has only twice visited my large village in two Parliaments Each visit lasted twenty minutes, and was made for pre-election canvassing purposes, and was spent in making a speech on his own behalf. Many M.P.s are rich men, by inheritance or by earnings in other activities. Their wealth is, of course, heavily taxed and the purchasing power of the residue is less than it was. But that hits you and me also. There is to be no means test, I understand, if the recommendation goes through. The man with £10,000 a year on paper, inherited or earned, gets this £1,000 without question, if he desires it. I do not doubt that the proposal will go through though it may be temporarily shelved, and it will become law under a Socialist Government in all probability. *Quis custodiet . . .?* I dare say the plan to pay Members £1,000 a year has many sound arguments in its favour. It may even result in securing the most suitable candidates for representing divisions in Parliament. But those who to-day regard the Socialists as in the front rank of squanderers of public money (we are still spending more millions a day on armament alone than during some periods of the late war) may chalk up this little extra extravagance to Socialist account. Sometimes, I wonder, as the weeks and months of the Socialist Government's first unchallenged opportunity for reconstruction pass by, *when* these increases in the reward for work will stop and the work itself begin.

The World's Record in Stupidity?—

Nothing is more dangerous or unfair than to trounce a speaker for a quotation from a conversation or speech torn from its context. Such excerpts can be culled and cooked (like statistics) to "prove anything." The other day the *Yorkshire Post* came out hot and strong with the following revelation: "It was recently reported that the Minister of Education, Miss Wilkinson, made the following statement to a foreign visitor in the Duke of Norfolk's former house: 'We had our French Revolution during this war. Never again will the Duke of Norfolk be able to live here. He won't have the money to do so. We have dealt with this class of society. We did not cut their heads off: we cut their income, and this is sufficient. I replaced the family portraits of the Duke of Norfolk by Picassos. But our institutions, our traditions, and our Constitution have come out of this revolution unscathed.'" My own comments on this revelation are: (1) Even Mr. Justice Muddlecombe would reject this as evidence against Miss Wilkinson, without calling on the defendant; (2) If Miss Wilkinson had felt like "saying something nasty" about our remaining dukes, she would hardly have selected the Duke of Norfolk as her target, since he is patently a very hard-working man without an atom of side or class-consciousness; (3) But suppose fantastically that our Governess of Education had got out of bed the wrong side one day and in the course of a temporary black-out had spoken "the words complained of," could you maliciously and meticulously string together sixty words containing more stupidity, more ineptitude, more ill-mannered, ill-natured political bias and class prejudice with which to brand a Minister of the Socialist Government in a dangerous juncture like the present when "All pull together" is the slogan and the *sine quâ non*? I don't think you could. That is why I fancy Miss Wilkinson has been misreported at the moment of the announcement that the highest diplomatic posts are thrown open to women.

Paper Shortage.—

I continue to footle with used envelopes, to cherish scraps and half-sheets, to economise and to salve paper for pulping. In this I obey occasional solemn directives still put out by Ministers. Yet I wonder whether it be labour lost. In the Government offices there has never been a paper problem. The flood of print continues to grow, the advice, the directive, the triplicated forms multiply, and submerge the farmer, the housewife, the industrialist. I note, too, that, despite their groans, the publishers are beginning to reprint many books long out of circulation, and re-issues are the order of the day. The City also seems to manage pretty well, to judge by the printed matter which now again accompanies Chairmen's reports and balance sheets—all of which is unnecessary to the average shareholder-in-a-small-way who can read a relevant excerpt in the financial column of his daily paper, and seldom even glances through his individual budget. As for the private school magazine editors, never at the most austere juncture of the war did they lack cream-laid stationery or glossy and enormous envelopes in which to distribute their trivia. I am inclined to think I plough in solitude this tiresome and irritating furrow. Certainly I am stimulated by no example from above or around me.

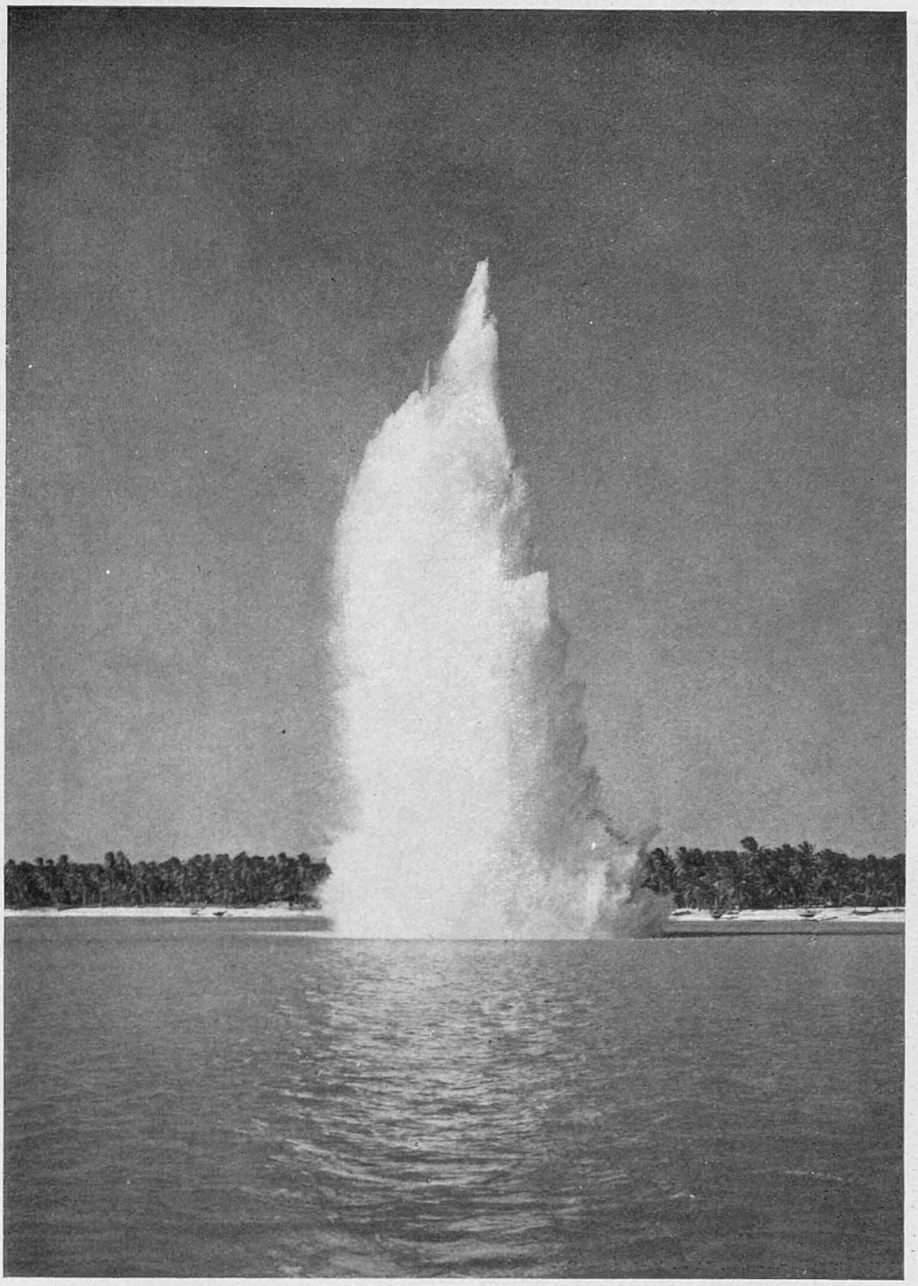
Arthur Ponsonby.—

Arthur Ponsonby (Lord Ponsonby of Shulebrede) died the other day after a long illness. A son of Sir Henry Ponsonby, the Great Queen's greatest secretary, he began life in Court Circles, a Queen's page, and lived to accept a peerage to enable him to serve the Socialist Government of the early '30's as Leader of the Upper House. Because of these things, unthinking people saw political "inconsistency," and among the diehards he was sometimes suspect as a man who had "betrayed his class." Few men who have lived out man's allotted span in public life have been more consistent, more loyal to their convictions. It may be true to say—epigrammatically—that no more confirmed Tory ever held office under a Socialist Government. But the great traditions of our race for which he lived and fought were above and outside politics, and the keys to his Socialism were: first, his loathing of war, and, second, his humanity and his hatred of the abuses of Privilege. What he held to so strongly and so courageously as far back as 1900 are commonplaces in the creed of a majority to-day, and he justified his tenets. He held many high political offices, he became a skilled debater, and certainly one of the most telling and attractive of broadcasters, for he was something better than an amateur actor, and well understood the technique of voice production and control. But literature was his most fruitful field and he produced a large number of well-written and delightful books—he was a chief authority on diarists—and one or two important ones, notably his *Henry Ponsonby*, an admirable study of his father through his correspondence, and a model little biography of Queen Victoria in the "Great Lives" series. In private life he was the most delightful companion imaginable. simple, natural, wotty and well-informed, with an overflowing humanity and a practical sympathy which admitted no obstacle. In his company laughter and interest were contagious. Few men made more of the arts and sweets of a cultured way of life, while few men ever cared less for its material luxuries. He was indeed one of the most delightful—and consistent—of men.

THE OLD STAGER

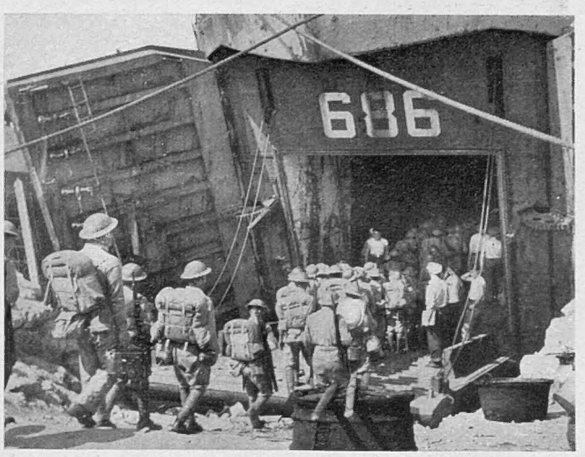
FROM THE EASTERN SEAS

Blasting at Bikini: Chinese Troops Head for Manchuria: The Allied Occupation of Bali



BLASTING AN APPROACH TO BIKINI ATOLL: Spray rising skyward from a dynamite charge set off by American naval divers in order to clear a way through the coral reefs and permit the approach of landing-craft. The landing-craft afterwards sailed through the channel, and the natives of this Pacific isle, together with their belongings, were removed to the safety of a neighbouring atoll, far away from the scene of the coming atom-bomb tests. Meanwhile, it has been announced from Washington that the tests at Bikini are not to take place in May, as originally arranged, President Truman having ordered Admiral Blandy to postpone his operations for six weeks. The President's action was widely interpreted as a gesture towards Russian feelings

AWAITING THE CONQUERORS ON THE ISLAND OF BALI: Colonel Tsunuka and Captain Okuyama of the Japanese Army and Navy, are seen on the left of this group as they lined up on the beach to welcome the Allied occupation force which, preceded by a British Military Mission, took over Bali earlier this month. Bali is the last major island but one of the East Indies to have been liberated, and Dutch suzerainty has now been completely restored without a shot being fired. The Japanese fully co-operated with the occupation force, and the take-over of strategic points was accomplished without a shot being fired. The 2,600 Dutch troops formed the predominant part of the Allied force

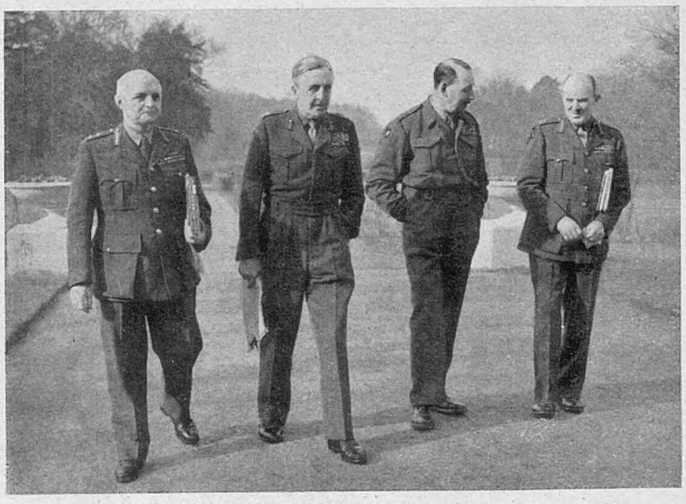


THE CHINESE FIRST ARMY ON THE WAY TO THE NORTH: After disembarking at Kowloon from ships which had brought them back from Burma, they transferred to American landing-craft, which took them to Manchuria. This army, largely equipped with British and American gear, fought with much distinction in the Burma campaign

CHINESE TROOPS IN BRITISH KIT: Members of the First Army seen at Kowloon, Hong Kong territory, as they transhipped for North China on returning from the Burma campaign. They will now form part of the Chinese occupying force which is taking over in Manchuria following the belated withdrawal of the Russians. The Chinese Army is at present being merged into a unified and non-political force

PREPARING A WAY FOR THE PEACEFUL INVASION OF BALI: Engineers of the Allied occupation force unloading road-building material from one of the British landing-craft. In the background are stacked the kit-bags of some of the newly-arrived Allied troops, the majority of whom were Dutch. The troops were well received, and were relieved to find that the food situation was good

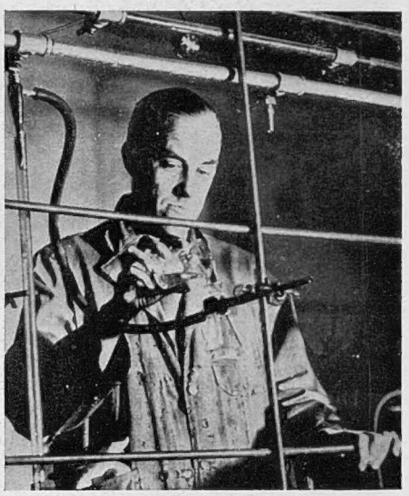
THE DEPARTURE FOR INDIA And Other Recent News-Pictures



ARMY LEADERS FORGATHER : Four commanders who attended Lord Alanbrooke's conference at Camberley. Lieut.-General Sir H. Colville Wemyss (Military Secretary, War Office) Lieut.-General Horrocks (Western Command), Lieut.-General Sir Oliver Leese (Eastern Command) and Major-General Nicholson (representing S.E.A.C.) strolling together in the grounds of the Staff College during the recent meeting called by the Chief of the Imperial General Staff to keep Army Commanders informed on War Office policy concerning post-war organisation. Lord Alanbrooke will shortly be succeeded as C.I.G.S. by Viscount Montgomery

ON AN EPOCH-MAKING MISSION : Lord Pethwick Lawrence boards a B.O.A.C. aircraft at Hurn en route to Delhi. The Secretary of State for India seen as he made his departure last week. He was accompanied by Sir Stafford Cripps; while Mr. A. V. Alexander, the third member of the British Cabinet Mission to India, took off from Northolt.

A CANADIAN M.P. FACES ESPIONAGE CHARGES : Mr. Fred Rose, a Labour-Progressive member of the House of Commons, seen in the dock at Ottawa as he was indicted on two counts under the Official Secrets Act. He was arrested during the Canadian round-up of persons suspected of giving vital information to Russia, but he has since been granted bail and has taken his seat in the House, his presence there arousing no protest. When Mr. Mackenzie King disclosed the alarming extent of Soviet espionage he declared that "it constitutes the most serious situation that has arisen at any time in Canada." The discovery of the true facts was made when Igor Gouzenko, a Russian cipher clerk, approached the Canadian Government last autumn with documentary evidence

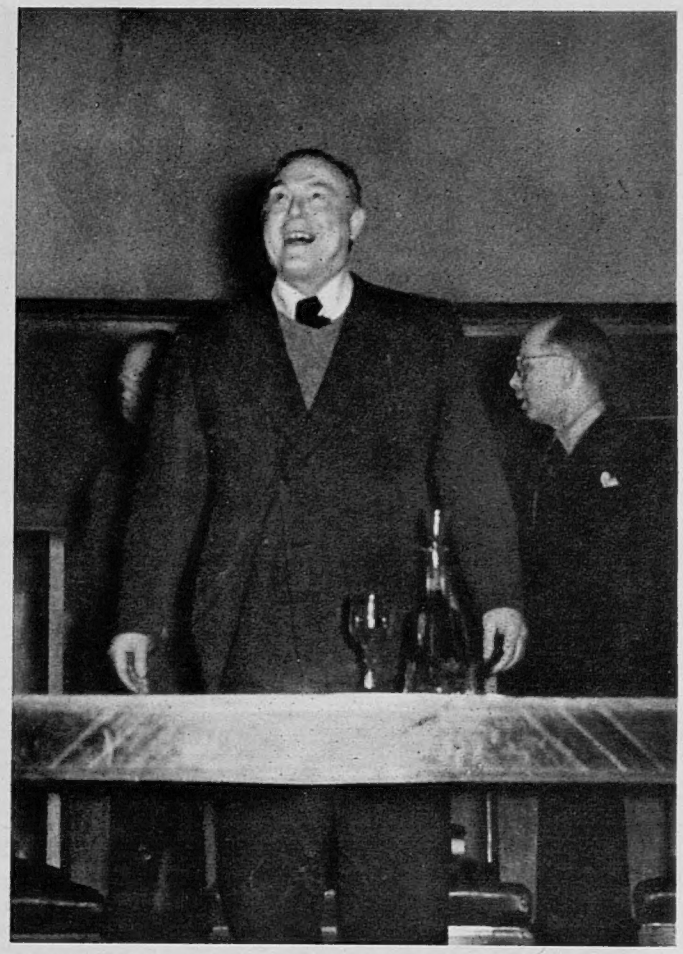


HE "GAVE RUSSIA THE SECRETS OF R.D.X." : Dr. Raymond Boyer, Assistant Professor of Chemistry at McGill University, Montreal. He is accused of supplying the Soviet in 1940 with full information about his secret work in relation to the new explosive

RUSSIAN TROOPS LEAVE BORNHOLM : Red Army soldiers evacuating their camp on this Danish island in the Baltic, which they have occupied since May 1945, when the local German commander refused to capitulate. Bornholm lies off the south coast of Sweden and it is 90 miles from Copenhagen

HOMEWARD BOUND : Russian soldiers among their piled baggage as they arrived at Nexo, the port of Bornholm, during the evacuation of this Danish island. Since the start of the occupation the Russians emphasised the temporary nature of their stay, stating that the occupation would finish as soon as questions pending in Germany were settled. In a recent address the Danish Foreign Minister noted the exemplary discipline of the Soviet forces, and the Danish Press hailed the return of full Danish sovereignty to the island. Bornholm once belonged to Sweden, but it has been Danish since 1660

THIS IS GUGLIELMO GIANNINI : A new and possibly alarming figure in Italian politics. A picture taken at the recent National Congress of the newly-formed U.Q. Party which has started up in Italy

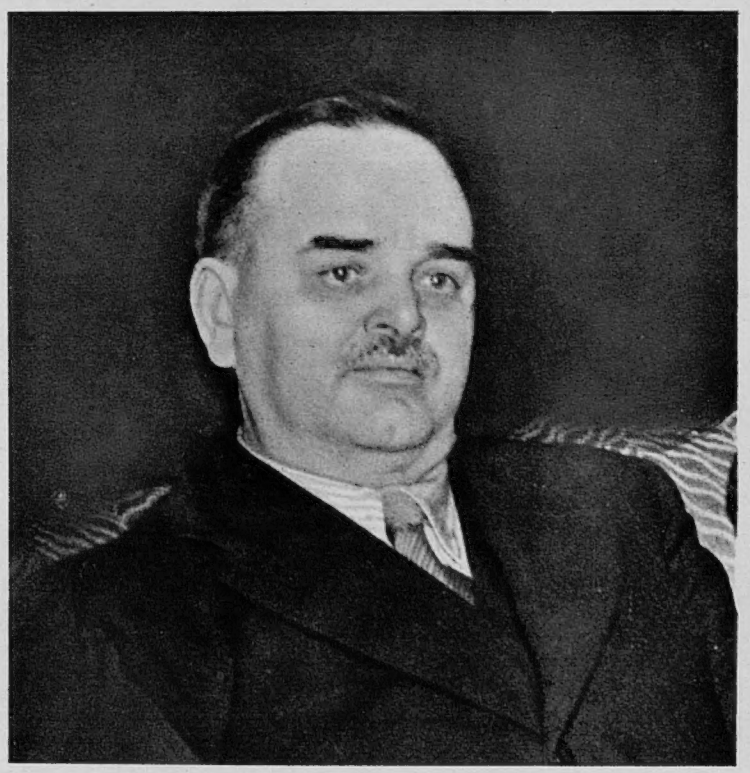


A SPELLBINDER IN ACTION : Guglielmo Giannini addressing his followers at a recent meeting. Some say that he is an aspiring Mussolini; but he is more subtle in method and is armed with the rapier of a lightning wit that has already won him popular support

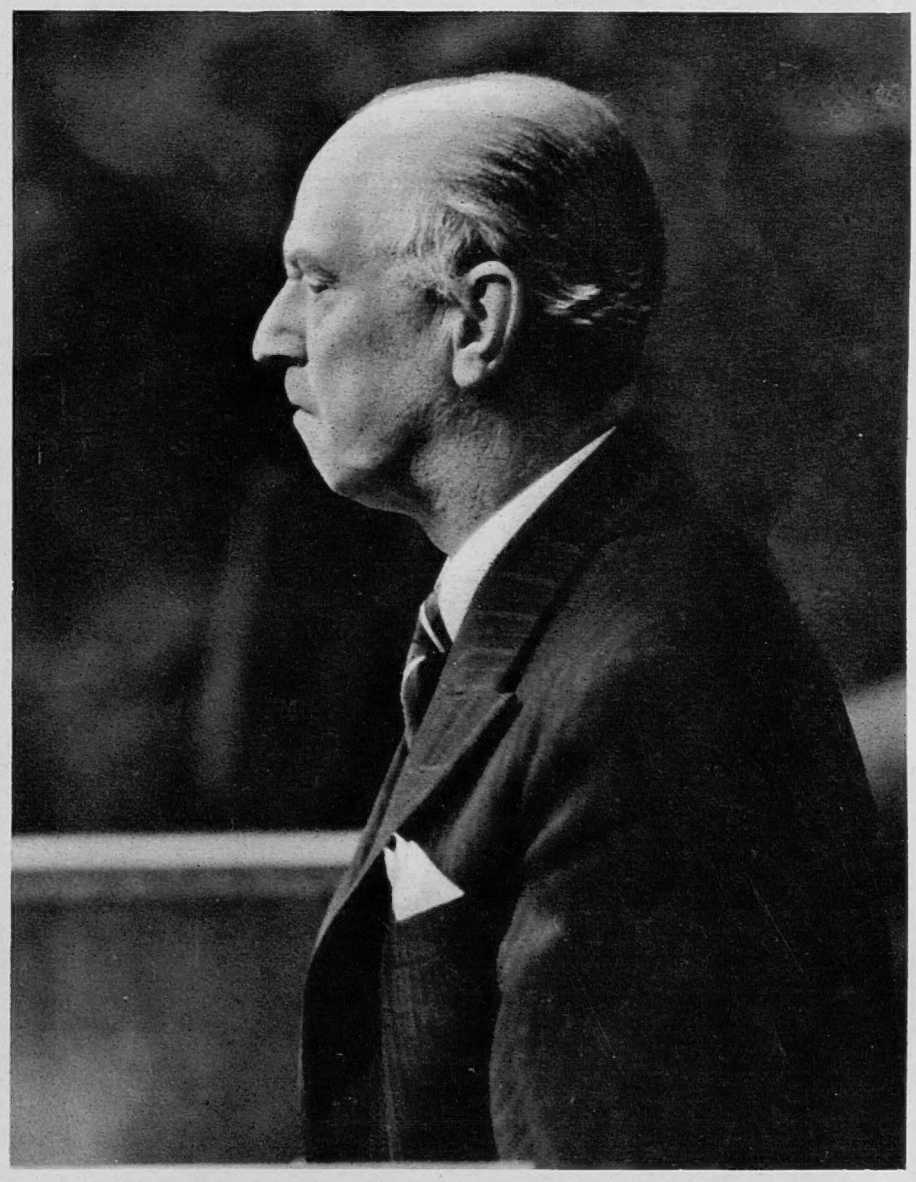
THE RISE OF GIANNINI

And Other Personalities in the European Limelight

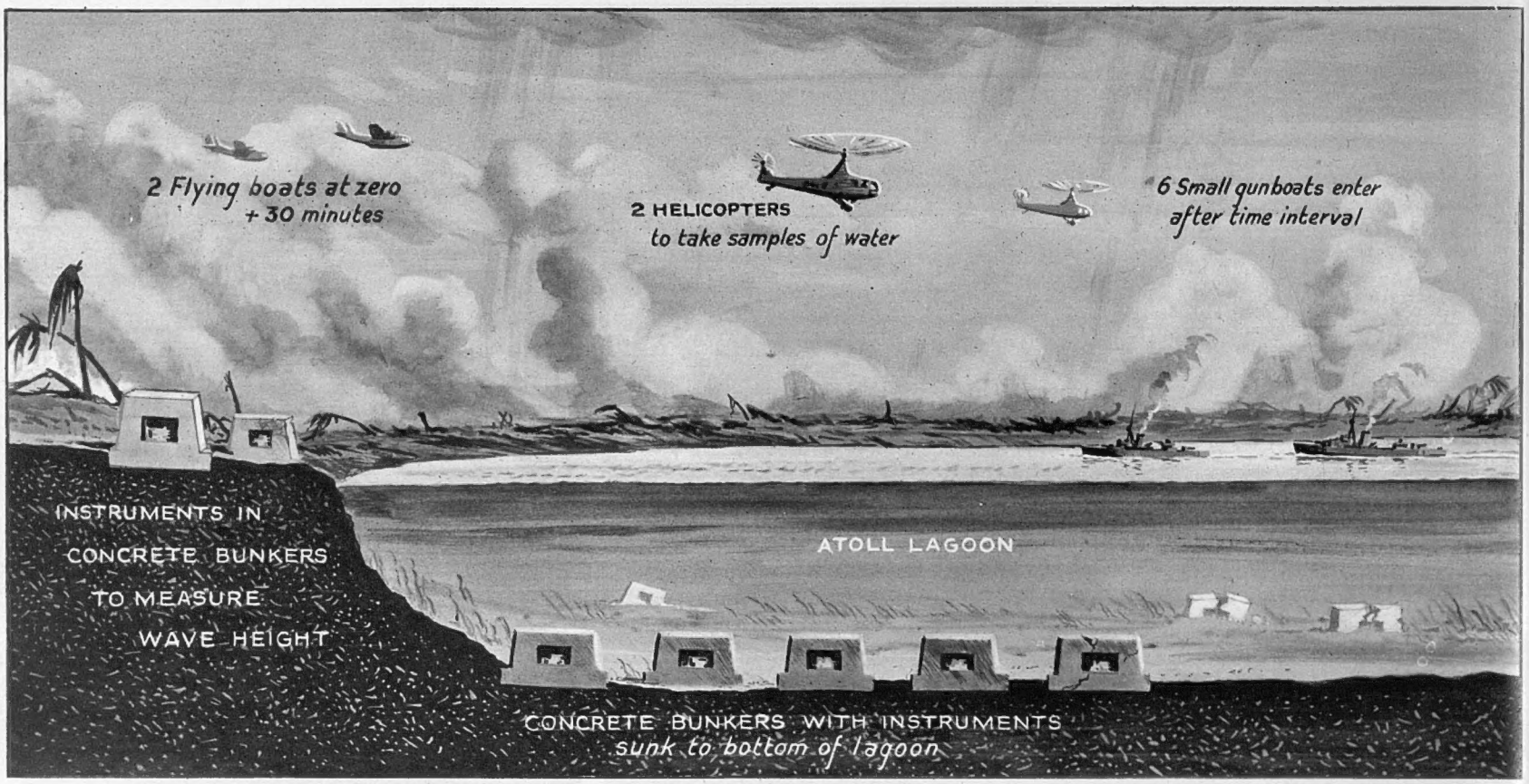
In THE SPHERE of March 23, Ferdinand Tuohy described some of the activities of the new Italian leader, Guglielmo Giannini, giving a clear warning that his tendency is Fascist and that he has acquired already a large measure of support for his Party of the Common Man, the U.Q. Six hundred delegates from all parts of Italy attended Giannini's recent National Congress in Rome, and the atmosphere was one of old-time Fascism with the familiar clamour for Trieste and Zara. One of Giannini's main cries is "Let Government be the business of experts and technicians, and let the old-style politician be discarded"



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.S.R. : Mr. Nikolai Shvernik, who has been elected to succeed President Kalinin, the latter having tendered his resignation on account of failing eyesight. Mr. Shvernik, who is fifty-eight, has until now been first Deputy Chairman of the Council of Nationality and Vice-President of the U.S.S.R. During the war of 1939-45 he twice visited Britain with trade union delegations, and all his most important work has been in connection with the unions. Mr. Kalinin has been President for twenty-three years, having been first appointed in 1923. As a result of the recent elections in Russia, Marshal Stalin remains Prime Minister and retains the Ministry of the Armed Forces. The word Commissar has been dropped, and all members of the Government will now be known as Ministers



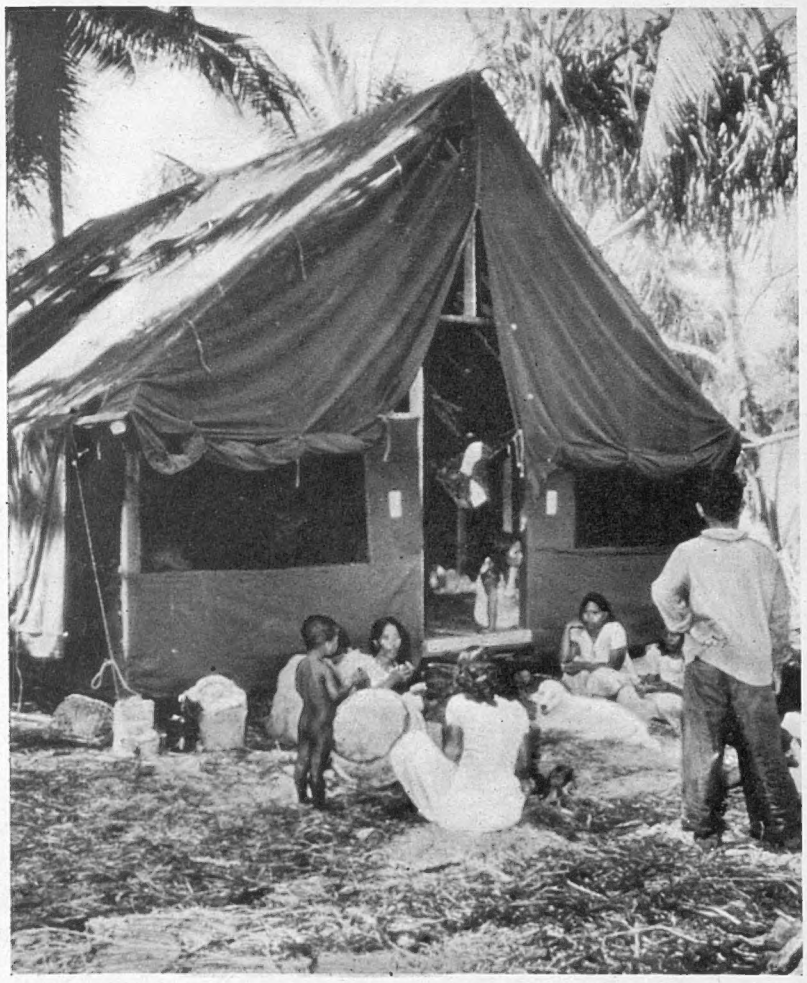
A DRAMATIC WITNESS AT THE NUREMBERG TRIALS : M. Birger Dahlerus, the Swedish industrialist, whom Goering called as a witness in an effort to prove to the court that he was essentially a "man of peace." In 1939 Dahlerus acted as unofficial courier between Goering and the British Government in an attempt to avoid war, and he also kept Goering informed of British public opinion, telling him repeatedly that Britain would not tolerate another act of aggression in Europe. "I tried to convince Goering," Dahlerus declared, "that the British Government was not bluffing over Danzig." Dahlerus also admitted arranging a meeting at his wife's estate between Goering and seven well-known British industrialists. Dahlerus is stated to be a relative by marriage of Goering



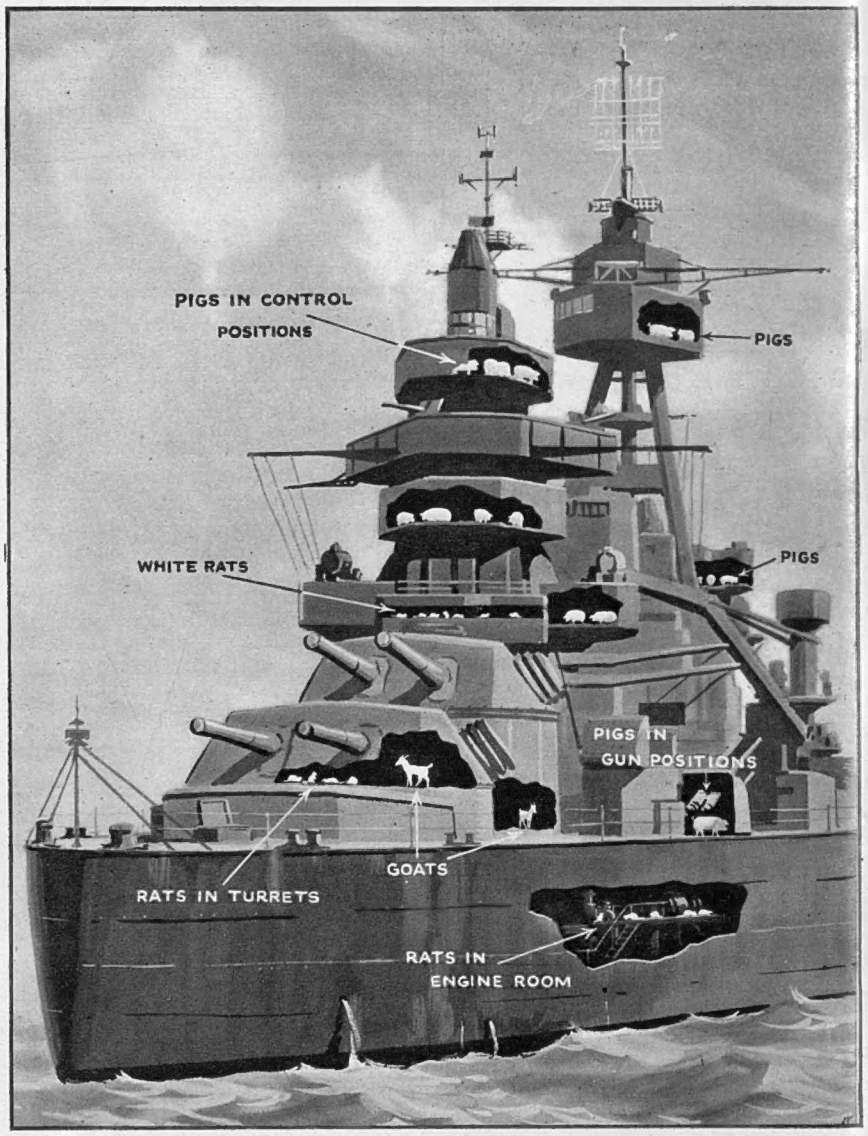
WHEN THE ATOM BOMB HAS BEEN DROPPED AT BIKINI ATOLL : A diagrammatic impression of the arrangements that have been made by the United States Navy to obtain a record of every aspect of the bombing on May 1. At zero plus 30 minutes two flying-boats will roar across the lagoon to measure radio-activity, and at the same time a pair of helicopters will take samples of the atom-stirred water. Gun-boats will also enter the lagoon in order to sample the water. At the actual moment of impact twenty sunken instruments, each in its own concrete emplacement, will measure the height of the waves, and others on the surface will measure radiation, heat, shock and blast. On neighbouring atolls 100-ft. steel towers are being built, and each of these will be equipped with automatic cameras and automatic sound-recording apparatus. Pilot-less planes flying above the area of the explosion will also produce camera records, while recording instruments will be dropped by parachute into the dense cloud of smoke as it rises above Bikini—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

AFTER ZERO HOUR IN THE ATOM TESTS

How the Elaborate System of Recording Will Come Into Operation on Bikini Atoll



A HOME FROM HOME : These natives of Bikini Atoll, who have had to leave because of the coming atom-bomb tests, are seen in front of one of their new tented houses provided by the American Navy on neighbouring Rongerik Atoll. The new quarters were built by the United States Army and Navy, and the move took place at the beginning of this month. The islanders have accepted the change without demur, and in material ways they have benefited largely



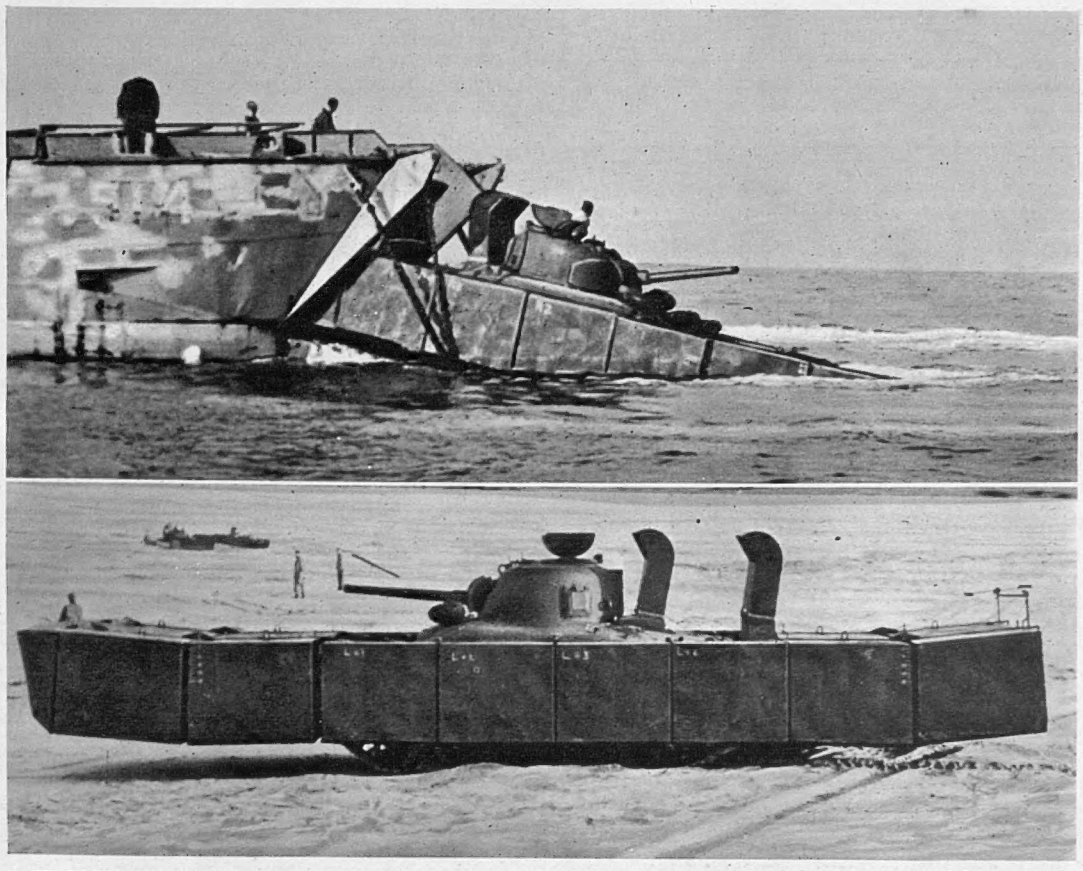
THE PLAN THAT HAS AROUSED THE IRE OF AMERICAN ANTI-VIVISECTIONISTS : A diagrammatic sketch showing how pigs, goats and rats will be accommodated in one of the warships assembled at Bikini for subjection to atom bombing. Altogether 4,000 animals will be used, and they will await their fate in the same positions which a human crew would occupy in battle stations. One human being, William Parker, of Los Angeles, has offered to join the animals, but the Navy Department has declined the offer. Meanwhile, the Hearst Press has been vociferous in its denunciation of this part of the plan
—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

Plans for the atom-bomb tests on Bikini Atoll, in mid-Pacific, are now well advanced, and on this page are illustrated some of the latest developments in regard to the preparations that are being made by Vice-Admiral Blandy and those working with him on the experiments. The tests are to start on May 1, and over 20,000 officers and men will participate, while ninety-two ships will be used to place the target vessels in position. The American battleships *New York*, *Arkansas*, *Pennsylvania* and *Nevada* will be included in the doomed "guinea-pig" fleet, and the Japanese battleship *Nagato* and the German cruiser *Prinz Eugen* will also be present

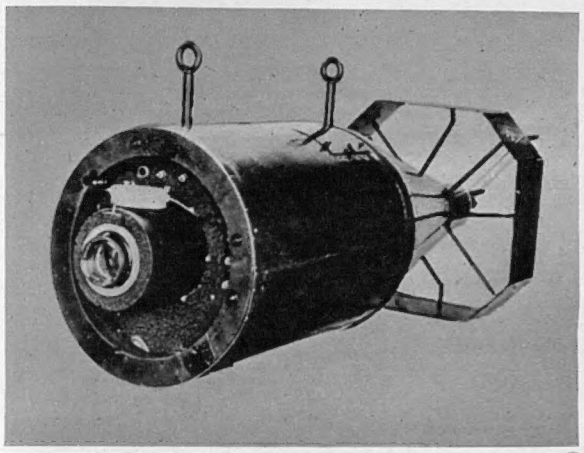
WEAPONS THAT WORRIED THE AXIS

First News of the Sea-going Tank, the Seeing Bomb, and the One-ton Depth-charge

Almost from the pages of Jules Verne comes the American sea-going tank, which is illustrated (on the right) when going into action. Despite its extraordinary appearance, there is no doubt that the tank played a very vital part on the Pacific beachheads. When tank landing-craft could not get close inshore, the amphibious tank could launch itself into quite rough seas and, depending upon its girdle of rubber-filled pontoons for buoyancy and on a small propeller for movement, it could make its way ashore, there to provide fire power for troops equipped only with small arms as they sought to establish a beachhead. On reaching the shore the driver of the tank could, by pressing a single button, set off a series of small charges, which would explode the rivets holding the lifebelt to the sides of the tank. In this way the tank would be free to operate at speed. On Okinawa it was used most successfully, but there is no record of it having been employed in the European theatre of war

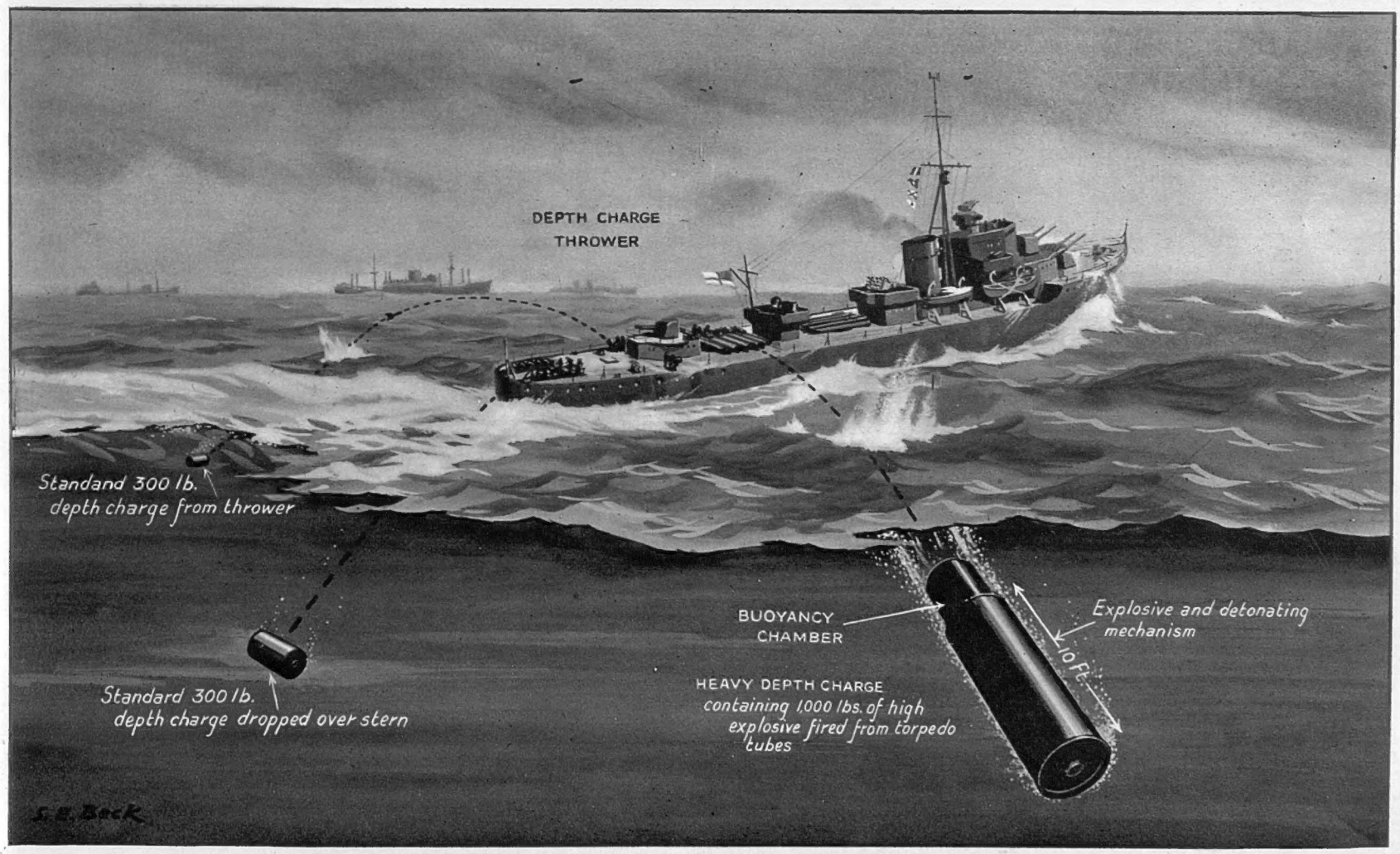


A SEAGOING TANK USED BY THE AMERICANS IN THE PACIFIC: This astonishing amphibious vehicle is shown on entering the water and after reaching the beachhead, where its fire power played a vital part in assisting invasion troops, notably during the great battle on Okinawa. In both pictures it is seen with its seagoing girdle, a lifebelt of steel pontoons filled with rubber sponge to provide the necessary buoyancy. On reaching dry land this lifebelt is discarded, the rivets holding it to the tank being exploded by the driver pressing a specially-provided button



THE AMERICAN ARMY'S SEEING-EYE BOMB: This weapon, news of which has only just been released, can be guided towards a chosen target by means of television. Here the plastic nose of the bomb has been removed to show the camera eye which picks up the target as the bomb falls. A television transmitter unit behind the lens broadcasts a picture of the target area back to a receiver screen in the plane from which the bomb has been released. The bomb-aimer is thus able to pick out the target visually and to align it with cross-hair sights on the screen. He then sends out radio pulses from the plane which operate ailerons in the bomb's tail, holding it on a course which will keep the target in the sights

Below—At the height of the U-boat campaign against Britain it became apparent that the Germans were replying to our tactics of depth-charging large areas by instructing their commanders to take station at depth and thus "lie doggo" during an attack, afterwards surfacing to continue the work of destroying merchant shipping. The Royal Navy replied to this in no uncertain fashion, bringing out the 1-ton depth-charge as compared with the 300-lb. depth-charge then in normal use. The 1-ton depth-charge was too big to be fired by ordinary means. It was therefore designed to be fired from the torpedo tubes of a destroyer and accordingly had to be 21 ins. in diameter. It was fitted with a buoyancy chamber at either end to reduce its rate of sinking to the depth at which it was set to explode. This gave the firing ship time to get away from the heavy underwater explosion, which embraced a very wide area. This weapon was evolved at the suggestion of the late Captain F. J. Walker, who had more U-boat "kills" to his credit than any other officer. He wanted it to "stir up" U-boats which were finding safety in depth, being for the most part unaffected by the 300-lb. depth-charges



A WEAPON THAT SHOOK THE U-BOATS—THE ONE-TON DEPTH-CHARGE: When this weapon came into use it had a paralysing effect on Grand Admiral Raeder's campaign, and his U-boats were unable to continue the practice of "lying doggo" at great depth. This diagrammatic drawing shows the usual way of launching depth-charges, by rolling them from the stern of a vessel, and the method of discharging the one-ton variety through 21-in. torpedo tubes—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

THIS IS A TIME OF FREAK SMUGGLING

It Extends from Human Beings to Bird Seed, and There is Seemingly No Limit to It in Europe

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THERE was something rather funny about a Customs official telling us that as travel opens up again, "and if scarcity and high taxation are combined with currency depreciations abroad," we shall have all the incentives to smuggling. What in the name of sense have we been having for the past year or so, and will the troops laugh at the notion that we must wait upon *civilian* travel for a rebirth of smuggling! Rather is it a problem of getting back to normal smuggling habits after the most hectic spell in the annals of the game.

The truth is that smuggling by civilians, particularly to and from island countries, can never hope to achieve the freakish successes scored by Allies in uniform since the overrunning of Europe, for these had the greatest incentive of all—more than some immunity, thanks to practising under a cloak of glamour.

The "Gentlemen" who went by of old, passed unmolested because frightened villagers bolted their doors and shutters at night. Our modern villagers, or their equivalents, winked by day as lorries and even aircraft "went by." Add to this that the ranks of Customs men were thinned by mobilisation, and that smuggling was given a new and cleverer grounding by groups from across the sea, who showed how the thing could be a well-organised affair offering a high rate of return against the risks run. There is little need to set down other causes of the boom. That loathsome tag "in short supply," accompanied by a certain rebel defiance of legality, emanation of the times, and demoralisation left by the Nazis, really say all that is necessary.

Perhaps not quite all. There is a political background too, which comes out most in the smuggling across frontiers of arms and equipment, and this aspect worries others rather more than it disquiets ourselves. The Swiss have partially remobilised the Army in order to cope with an out-of-hand situation, especially on the southern (Italian) border. It seems that international gangs pour Army equipment, stolen goods and cheap wares over the borders, and that insistence on pounds and dollars in payment has led, in turn, to heavy currency smuggling. The whole business impinges on that rigid neutrality to which cling the Swiss.

The smuggling of pound-notes out of the United Kingdom is now to be curbed by the summary meting-out of sentences at transit camps. This constitutes a very fruitful traffic, because a pound may bring two and three times its exchange value on foreign black markets. Conversely, few traffickers would touch five-pound notes even before they were called in, on account of the flood of forged "fivers" which the Nazis managed to smuggle over several frontiers before they caved in.

Currency notes can be squeezed into such small and curious places that they present one of the most difficult problems, and the barriers that country after country has erected against the introduction of foreign monies is causing this form of smuggling to soar. Often people carry money over frontiers, against the rules, simply to meet the basic needs of day-to-day existence amid a maze of prohibitions. At the least, they risk having it taken from them; in the strictest countries, prison as well.

Cigarettes being tantamount to currency in several countries, notably Germany, Austria and Italy, require to be mentioned with the reservation that traffic in them has shrunk from the enormous proportions of six months ago. It is hardly worth while bringing cigarettes to France for a profit of half-a-crown on twenty; unless whole cases can be swung "over the side" from incoming shipping, and that is being curbed by keeping docks more cleared.

Germany is still the best bet for cigarette smugglers. But it is becoming more difficult to "unload" the rolls of marks obtained for them. Germany will continue to loom in the smuggling sense, by reason of the many products that have been banned to her. These all have a war-making significance, but some are wanted also in peacetime—take aluminium and radio equipment—and so the demand will be partially met by supply under the counter.

There is no limit to the smuggling that goes on abroad at the present time. It extends from human beings to bird seed! The latter has been parachuted down, and dealers in countries long without it have collected fantastic sums from people longing to pep up their winged pets. As for the human beings, you read of girls being smuggled to America and of German prisoners being smuggled out of France. Of Jews being smuggled across Europe on the way—they hope—to Palestine; of Nazis "on the run"; and of Communists smuggling themselves ashore in North Spanish coves. There was even the case of an American soldier who smuggled his baby across to Paris. Kit-bags are useful, too, for small-size fiancées.

This secret passage of human beings across forbidden frontiers has produced a traffic in false papers and it was the discovery of one such passport that led to the unmasking of a Franco-Belgian organisation which had forwarded hundreds of German prisoners, through a chain of contacts, back on to the Reich. A grim aspect of this traffic is kidnapping. There never can have been such kidnapping, sometimes to erase a political opponent, at other times to make use of a person's brains. The kidnapped one has, of course, to be smuggled towards the destination chosen for him, and thereafter, while he may be well treated, he must on no account try to quit his anonymity. Part of his reward is that his family is kept posted and fit.

Running down the list of "commodities" in most demand, I find I have thus far singled out four only—arms, currency, cigarettes and human beings. There are seventeen items on my list, so perhaps I had better go ahead with them without regard to specific cases. At least a general picture should result of the extraordinary current scene. A highly profitable cargo of liqueurs, fine wines and perfume may be put ashore by night from small, swift vessels which are met by cars or lorries. But the day—or night—has gone by when big consignments could be unloaded in the baggage of returning battalions, to be put forthwith on lorries bound for the capital. Not long ago a £10,000 fine was imposed for carrying such a cargo by air. But the strangest item ever to be smuggled aloft must have been that racehorse impounded on a landing-ground. Valuable cars have also been smuggled by air; usually in parts, though on one occasion a whole Mercédès is said to have been carried.

I came across a case where a yacht was smuggled to another country. She had been bought for 5,000 cigarettes. What is more, the purchase had been legally stamped.

Pets are constantly being smuggled, not only to avoid quarantine but because some of them have a high value. A dachshund of quality may fetch £100 or more, and they are such quiet, well-behaved, compressible commodities. At the other end of the story, cattle-rustling is on the increase, out of well-fed lands. This is a legacy left by men from the wide open spaces. Food plays a growing part in current smuggling. One is not supposed to carry more than a pound or two in weight, but few adhere to this, while there is the prospect of netting a nice sum from delicacies like *pâté de foie gras*, caviar, and truffles. Believe it or not, salmon has been smuggled! Nor do Customs officials always frown on smuggled food. It depends how badly off are their countries. . . .

Precious stones, gold in every state, platinum and rare postage stamps are among the most difficult things to detect. One can hardly remove every heel, not only reposing in suitcases but being worn by travellers and troops! Most frontier officials have their black lists, and they are guided by the attitude of people under questioning. Still, it is a forlorn hope to expect to hold this aspect of smuggling in check these disordered, highly venal times. That Customs officials are themselves involved is a certainty in some countries.

There are capitals which misled zealots shout we must save our bacon for, that are a sheer joy for the smuggler who can transform himself into a local millionaire on, say, 400 dollars, and proceed to buy up his fancy in fine silks and satins, Shetland jerseys, dreamy négligés and fine leatherware. Scent, jewellery, gems of handbags, are going for (to him or her) a bagatelle. Travelling-bags are particularly acceptable, because even a dyspeptic Customswoman (always more difficult than the men) cannot object to a piece of luggage crossing a frontier, not even if it be a beautiful, zip-fastening antelope-skin suit-case, bought at the equivalent of 30s., and marketable at 20 guineas.

It is a rare game, this smuggling *à la* post-war mode, and I 'm frightened lest I give away notions that I may need myself. Such as bouncing into a country on tennis-balls. Now who ever would have thought of that? Yet an excellent recipe (in some directions) includes tennis-balls kept in place by saccharine and flint for lighters. The coupon-rich smuggler may cover such a cargo with cloth for suitings.

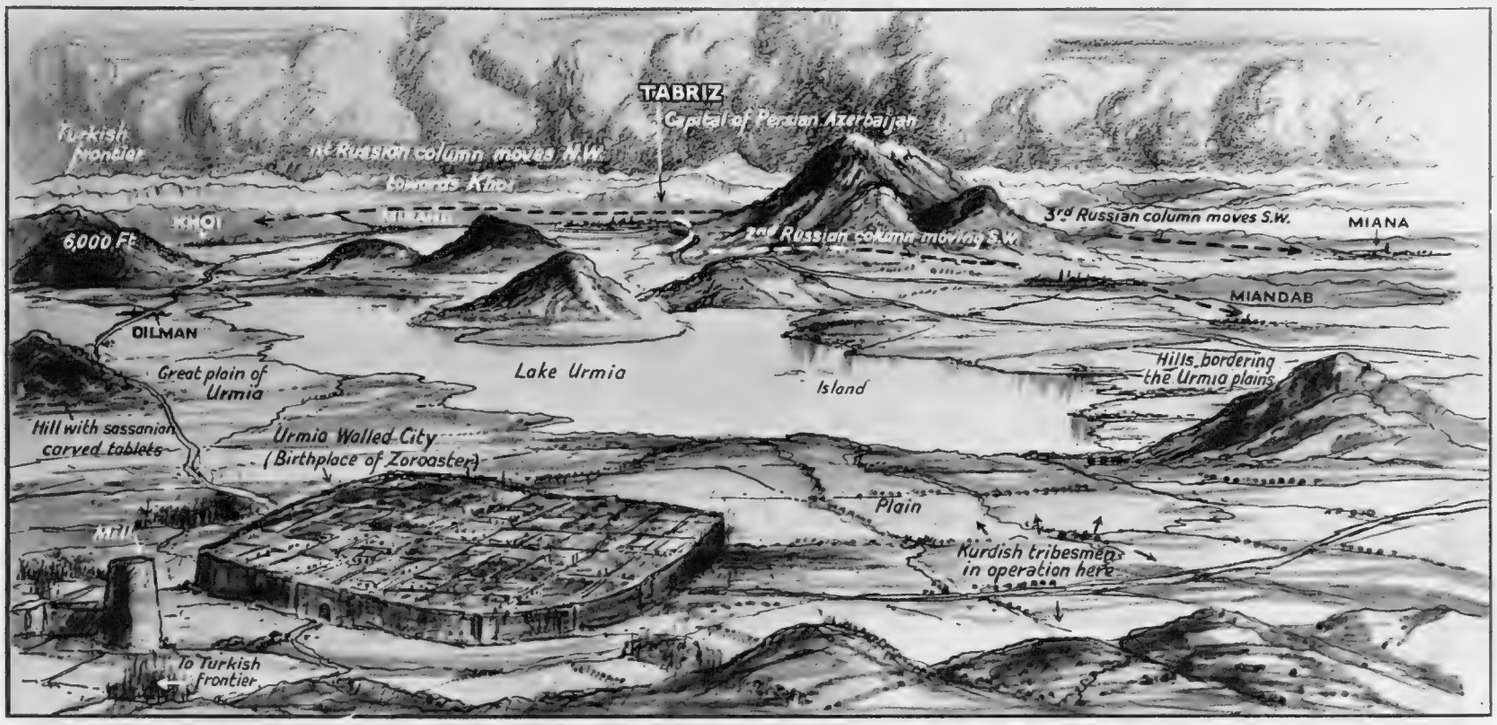
Toys, drugs, pictures, hospital supplies, musical instruments, cameras, binoculars, films, books—all are in the smuggling game. There 's a book in Paris that American soldiers can sell in America at a profit of 500 per cent. At least two films have been smuggled out of countries. Paintings represent a most attractive feature these times of looting ex-enemy houses. Various kinds of household goods and furniture are smuggled too, but you should see a quiet deal in the back room of a Continental hotel, over "It's a Franz Hals—no doubt about it!"

The most remunerative thing in toys is a jeep to be had for a tenner and saleable at five times that sum.

There is one hard and fast rule when crossing frontiers. Always tell the truth. It can get you most surprisingly by. Once a dyspeptic Customswoman made me pay on some sausages, more than they had cost in Earls Court. A few months later I plonked down a Gladstone bag in front of her. It was Christmas-time, and I had thought of French friends. "*Avez vous quelquechose à déclarer?*" "*J'ai deux jambons.*" "*Allez! Pas d'idiocies!*" "*J'ai deux jambons.*" "*Enfin alors—tu ouvres au moins une charcuterie? Allez . . . filez!*" And the dyspeptic one marked up my bag in which reposed two highly taxable Irish twenty-pounders.

GUARDING AN ALPINE FRONTIER AGAINST SMUGGLERS AND UNAUTHORISED TRAVELLERS: Men of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, who have an often lonely but sometimes exciting job, patrolling the approaches to the 5-mile-long tunnel through the Saviske Mountains between Austria and Yugoslavia. Smuggling on this border has been rife, and some units are even employing ski patrols in order to cope with the situation

IN BERLIN DOGS ARE USED TO TRACK DOWN LOOTERS: Members of the reconstituted German Police Force with their war dogs, which play an important part in patrolling the capital. It is found that one dog can often accomplish the patrol duties which might normally be assigned to two or three armed men. They are frequently employed in the protection of the larger Allied food and ammunition dumps



HOW THE RUSSIAN COLUMNS HAVE BEEN FANNING OUT FROM TABRIZ: A diagrammatic sketch illustrating the troop movements in Persian Azerbaijan which have surprised the world and caused the Persian Government to protest to U.N.O. against the continued presence of Russian troops in Persia in defiance of the existing agreement. In the foreground is the walled city of Urmia, in the region of which Kurdish tribesmen have been attacking the Persian garrisons. Strangers speaking a dialect similar to that spoken in Northern Azerbaijan are reported to have accompanied the Kurds—*Drawing by Percy Home*

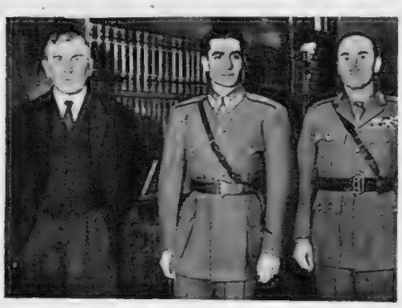
RUSSIA STAYS: BRITAIN GOES

The Tangled Position in Persia

The Anglo-Soviet-Persian Treaty of January 29, 1942 (to whose aims the U.S. later gave its blessing), pledged Britain and Russia to leave Persia by March 2, 1946. When Britain and the U.S. sought to bring this date forward, the Russian Foreign Minister observed: "The Soviet Government is guided strictly by the time-limit established in the 1942 Treaty." By January 1, 1946, the last American soldier had left Persia. By midnight on March 1 the last British soldier had been evacuated; but the Russians stayed on, and in an atmosphere of mounting tension Persia decided to lay the case before U.N.O.

Meanwhile, Soviet troop movements in Azerbaijan Province, and nearer to Teheran, caused world-wide alarm, and something in the nature of an international crisis on the old 1939 pattern began to loom large in world affairs.

The British withdrawal from Persia was marked by no public ceremonies, but Major-General Savory's visit to the Shah in Teheran, and the subsequent luncheon at the British Embassy, attended by leaders of the Persian Army, evidenced the amicable relations between the forces of the two countries.



THE SHAH OF PERSIA RECEIVES: With Sir Reader Bullard, the British Ambassador, and Major-General Savory, the British C.-in-C. in Persia and Iraq, at the Palace at Teheran

CENTRES OF UNREST IN PERSIA: A sketch-map showing areas in the news during the period of increasing Russian pressure. A strong concentration of Soviet troops occurred round Karaj and Kazvin, to the north-west of Teheran, the railway being cut off and the capital virtually isolated from the north. The Red Army is said to have brought reinforcements to this area after the return of the Persian Premier from the abortive talks in Moscow, where he failed to obtain satisfaction with regard to the demand for the withdrawal of the Russians

THANKS FOR CO-OPERATION: Major-General Savory, the British C.-in-C. in Persia and Iraq, with Marshal Vazdanpandah, the Persian military leader, in the grounds of the British Embassy in Teheran. Major-General Savory was paying his farewell visit to Teheran and took the opportunity of thanking the Marshal for all the help given to our forces

THE FAREWELL LUNCHEON AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY: Air Commodore Runciman (Air Attaché), Marshal Vazdanpandah, Major-General Savory, General Riazi, Brigadier Lamplugh, Colonel Pybus, Marshal Amedi (the Persian War Minister), the Persian Chief of Staff, Sir Reader Bullard (the British Ambassador), M. Zand, General Arfa and Captain Khan (an A.D.C.), at the special luncheon held in Teheran to mark the occasion of the withdrawal of the last remaining British troops from Persian soil. During his final visit Major-General Savory visited the Palace at Teheran and was received in audience by the Shah

ITALY HAS ITS FIRST FREE ELECTION IN YEARS: Citizens gathered on the sidewalks of bomb-scarred Anzio to discuss the claims of the rival candidates. These local elections have resulted in the Christian Democratic Party securing a majority in over 160 communes, while the Socialist-Communist bloc comes next with control in over 110 communes. On June 2 there is to be a General Election and a referendum throughout Italy, the latter to decide whether the country shall become a Republic or retain the Monarchy

ITALIAN UNEMPLOYED DEMONSTRATE IN ROME: Carrying banners declaring "We want work," men and youths parade along the Corso Umberto before rallying in front of the Chigi Palace. Conditions throughout the country remain unsettled, and they will doubtless continue to do so until the question of the monarchy has been decided and the General Election has given a new Government a mandate to go ahead with the reorganisation of industry. At the moment hosts of Italian ex-prisoners are without work

THE INTERNATIONAL MONETARY CONFERENCE MAKES PROGRESS: Mr. Fred Vinson, United States Secretary of the Treasury, seated between Lord Keynes, of Great Britain, and M. Pierres Mendes, of France, at a lunch party in Savannah. Also in the group are Mr. Yui (left), China's Finance Minister, Sir A. Ramaswami, of India, and Señor Espinosa de los Monteros (right), of Mexico. At the end of last week the Conference was reported to be making progress, and it had already been decided by vote what nations should have places on the executive boards both of the International Bank and the Monetary Fund. In the words of Mr. Vinson, "the World Bank and Fund are now beginning to breathe as living organisms"

HOLDING A WATCHING BRIEF IN GREECE: Rear-Admiral Rodionov, the Soviet Ambassador to Greece, with two members of the Russian Military Mission on arrival in Athens to be present as witnesses during the elections. Over 1,200 officials of the Allied Mission have been charged with seeing fair play in the elections, and they will have the assistance of aircraft, motor-boats and jeeps. On election day (March 31) teams of Allied observers will be sent on unannounced visits to polling-booths throughout Greece, and some will be flown to the islands of the Ægean in Catalina flying-boats. M. Sophoulis, the Greek Premier, has been increasingly despondent in his utterances with regard to the elections. "The results of the elections," he said, "will not reflect freely expressed political convictions, but will be the outcome of either fear or hate. Communism or Monarchy—that is the tragic dilemma with which Greek political life is faced"

A FOREIGN SURVEY

Elections in Italy; Money Talks in Savannah; Glubb Pasha and His Desert Troops; An Active Volcano in Mexico; Florida's Sponge Industry

GLUBB PASHA INSPECTS HIS ARAB LEGION: Major John Glubb, D.S.O., who commands the Gendarmerie and Desert Patrol of Transjordan, talking to one of his officers at a recent parade in Amman. During the parade the Emir Abdullah decorated members of the force. Glubb Pasha has commanded the Arab Legion since 1939

THE EMIR ABDULLAH OF TRANSJORDAN ADDRESSES THE ARAB LEGION: Another picture taken during the parade at Amman when the men of the Desert Patrol paraded under their leader, Major Glubb, who is seen standing with the Emir. Glubb Pasha has been working in the Middle East for twenty years, and he has played a distinguished role both in Iraq and Transjordan, the two Arab States which are now bound by new ties

ADMIRAL DARLAN'S SON IN AMERICA : M. Alain Darlan, son of the assassinated French wartime leader, seen at his cottage at Warm Springs, Georgia, where he is now recovering from infantile paralysis. Beside him are portraits of his father and of Roosevelt. It was due to the late President that young Darlan was brought to Warm Springs in May 1943, and since then he has been making steady progress. With the aid of leg braces he can now take a few steps, and, when his condition permits, he will return to France

TARGET SHIPS ASSEMBLE FOR THE ATOM-BOMB TESTS : These ships, seen riding at anchor at Pearl Harbour, Hawaii, will shortly be leaving for Bikini Atoll, in mid-Pacific, where they will form part of the "guinea-pig" fleet to be used by Admiral Blandy for his experiments. Among the ships are military transports, merchant vessels and tank landing-craft, and it is proposed that the "guinea-pig" fleet shall consist of every kind of craft used under wartime conditions, so that after the bombing the relative degree of damage to each can be accurately assessed. Some further details of the atom-bomb tests will be found on page 390 of this issue

HARVESTING SPONGES IN THE GULF OF MEXICO : A diver at work with his hooked fork and net bag during operations off Tarpon Springs, Florida, where the sponge-fishing fleet is now enjoying a post-war boom. The industry is wholly operated by Greeks, 200 divers and their 176 boats making up the colony, which is capable of collecting annually sponges to the value of £600,000. The divers work eight hours a day in two-and-a-half-hour shifts at a depth of 100 to 150 ft. They wear specially-designed suits that permit the greatest freedom of movement under water. The young sponge grows at a rate of 1 inch a year, but divers are not permitted to bring up sponges that measure less than 5 ins. in diameter. Crews of the sponge boats share equally in the catch, and most of them can be sure of a regular income of £2,000 a year, sometimes earning as much as £3,500. The Tarpon Springs sponge industry is now forty years old; its only prominent rival is in the Mediterranean

THE PARACUTIN VOLCANO BREAKS INTO LIFE AGAIN : Molten lava emerging from the crater of this Mexican volcano, which has recently been strongly active after a period of quiescence. The picture was taken very close to the crater's edge, and the photographer ran the risk of being overwhelmed at any moment by the streams of lava coursing down the mountainside

TROUBLE IN NEW DELHI : Youthful rioters parading down a main street during a recent disturbance in the capital, when they wrecked army trucks by turning them over and setting them on fire. The trouble started during a Victory Parade when Field-Marshal Wavell was taking the salute at a march-past of 10,000 troops. As a result, a curfew was imposed and the public meeting of more than five persons prohibited

PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S VISIT TO BELFAST

Her Voyage in the New Cruiser "Superb" and the Launching of the New Aircraft-Carrier "Eagle"

"IT WAS A LOVELY LAUNCH": Princess Elizabeth, a charming figure in a lime-green coat with hat to match, standing on the launching platform at Harland and Wolff's with Sir Frederick Rebbeck, chairman of the Company, after christening H.M.S. "Eagle," the newest and largest aircraft-carrier in the world. The Princess carried a bouquet presented to her by James Christian, an apprentice at the shipyard

PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S PERSONAL STANDARD FLYING AT THE YARD-ARM OF H.M.S. "SUPERB": This is the first time her Standard has been flown at sea, and when the Princess transferred to the destroyer "Fame," on arrival in Belfast Lough, the Standard was transferred also. H.M.S. "Superb" is a new cruiser

Princess Elizabeth received a great reception from the people of Ulster when she landed at Belfast during the St. Patrick's holiday celebrations, showing no signs of fatigue after the twenty-four-hour train and boat journey. The Princess crossed from Greenock in the new cruiser *Superb*, and for the first time she flew her own personal Standard at sea.

On the day following her arrival the Princess paid a visit to Harland and Wolff's shipyard, and there, in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators, launched the new aircraft-carrier *Eagle*, a successor to the valiant *Eagle* which went down fighting a convoy through to Malta in August 1942.

The *Eagle* is the largest ship to be launched at Belfast for thirty years, and, when completed, she will be the biggest aircraft-carrier in the world.

As a warship, H.M.S. *Eagle* will be one of the most powerful fighting units in the navies of the world. From the flight-deck will be operated the largest and heaviest aircraft of the Navy. High-speed lifts, each the size of a lawn-tennis court, will transport aircraft from hangars to flight-deck.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH ON THE BRIDGE OF H.M.S. "SUPERB": Her Royal Highness seen during the crossing from Greenock, in the Firth of Clyde, to Belfast for her official visit to Northern Ireland and the launching of the new aircraft-carrier "Eagle." Although a gale warning was received just before the cruiser left the Clyde, the Princess enjoyed a fairly good passage. At the Pile Lighthouse the Royal party transhipped to the escorting destroyer "Fame," as the "Superb" could not enter the Dufferin Dock at low water

THE LAUNCH OF THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "EAGLE"—THE DRAMATIC MOMENT AS THE NEW WARSHIP ENTERED THE MUSGRAVE CHANNEL AFTER BEING LAUNCHED AT BELFAST BY PRINCESS ELIZABETH: In the presence of a vast concourse of shipyard workers and other spectators, the Princess christened the ship with a bottle of Empire wine, and this was the signal for the automatic release of the hydraulic triggers holding the hull in position on the slipway. The "Eagle," when completed, will be at once a ship, an operational airfield, a fortress, and a small town of over 2,000 inhabitants. She will be one of the most powerful fighting units in the navies of the world, and her design and construction are entirely based on experience lately gained in carrier warfare

THE START OF THE JOURNEY: Princess Elizabeth, accompanied by Admiral Sir W. J. Whitworth, C.-in-C., Rosyth, as she journeyed in the Admiral's barge from Greenock pier to the cruiser "Superb," which took her to Northern Ireland. During the voyage the Princess dressed more informally

NEARING JOURNEY'S END: Princess Elizabeth transferring from the cruiser "Superb" to the escorting destroyer "Fame" at the Pile Lighthouse, the "Superb" being unable to enter the Dufferin Dock, Belfast. The Princess discarded her high-heeled shoes during the voyage, and wore a scarf instead of a hat

THE VAST DELTA AREA OF TONG KING : A diagrammatic sketch showing the region where the Red and Black Rivers reach the sea in the neighbourhood of Hanoi. Tong King, which has been a protectorate of France since 1884, now becomes the northerly province of the new Republic of Viet-Nam, which, under the terms of a recently-signed agreement with France, is to move gradually towards full independence within a federal framework—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

IN THE NEW VIET-NAM REPUBLIC

Life in the Former French Protectorates of Tong King and Annam, where France has Conceded Claims to Independence

While the eyes of the world have been largely centred upon Indonesia and the struggle of the Indonesians to achieve independence of the Dutch, a similar situation has grown up in the former French Protectorate of Indo-China though up to now there has been less bloodshed and a greater measure of understanding on both sides. When the French returned to Indo-China at the close of the Pacific War, they met with resistance both from the Japanese, who had invaded the country in 1941, and from the native independence movements which had sprung up since then. After the Japanese defeat, the native resistance movements continued to fight against the establishment of French control in the form it had taken before the war The French army under General Leclerc was ordered to master this resistance, and many months of fighting followed. French policy was meanwhile changing, and now at long last Annamese claims for independence have been conceded, and a round-table conference has been called by the French Government to work out the successive steps by which the provinces of Annam and Tong King shall march towards full independence. The new republic is known as Viet-Nam—an ancient Annamese name—and it will be a free state with its own Government, Parliament, Army and finances

FRENCH INDO-CHINA MAKES STRIDES TOWARDS INDEPENDENCE : A sketch-map showing the former States and Protectorates which were administered by a French Governor-General and High Commissioner in pre-war days, but all of which have been seeking a new status since the Pacific War

Tong King and Annam will together form the new Republic of Viet-Nam, which will be a free state with its own Government, while the right of protectorate over the Kingdom of Cambodia, which has been in existence since 1863, has been entirely renounced. Cochin China, which was ceded to France by the King of Annam in 1862, also achieves a new status, a consultative council having been called together to prepare elections to a legislative assembly. French troops are to remain in all parts of Indo-China, at least until the status of the federated states has been defined and brought to the stage of practical politics. Much will depend upon the maintenance of good relations between the two sides if further trouble is to be avoided. Last week there was opposition to the French in Cochin China, but all was going well in Tong King

A WOMAN OF LAOS AND A TONGKINESE GIRL MEET AT A FERRY ON THE MANDARIN ROAD : An everyday scene on the chief highway that runs between Hué, the capital of Annam, and Hanoi, the capital of Tong King. Under the new arrangement with the French Government the two former protectorates of Annam and Tong King now constitute the independent Republic of Viet-Nam. The woman of Tong King depicted in this drawing wears a picturesque wide-brimmed hat of fine-plaited straw. The two women are waiting for the native ferry-boat which is seen approaching

IN THE GROUNDS OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT HUÉ—WHERE THE EMPEROR BAO-DAI HELD COURT UNDER THE FRENCH PROTECTORATE: The bronze urns in the foreground are inscribed with the historical records of Annam—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Annam, under French colonial jurisdiction, still retained an Imperial Court, but of recent years the Emperor has occupied a somewhat decorative position, and what the future will hold for him in the new Viet-Nam Republic has not been announced at the time of writing. The Emperor Bao-Dai was born in 1913 and he succeeded to the throne in January 1926. There is still to be seen in Hué, the Annamese capital, the Imperial palace and gardens. The buildings are mainly constructed in a Chinese pavilion style of architecture, set amid pleasant, formal gardens. An interesting feature of these are the records of imperial happenings. These are not recorded on tablets, but in the form of bronze urns, known as dynastic urns

PEACE RETURNS TO ANNAM'S CAPITAL—A QUIET MARKET SCENE IN THE CITY OF HUÉ: Annamese agricultural folk, with their familiar Chinese balance poles, bringing rice and other vegetables to the market, which is adorned with decorative columns dating from the pre-French period. Of recent months the atmosphere of Hué has been far from peaceful, but conditions improved, at any rate temporarily, after the announcement by the French Government that it would concede Annam's claims to full independence—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The independence movement in Annam is manifestly well organised and is said to have the backing of the vast majority of the inhabitants of the province. Its politics have a slight Communist tinge, which stems from the recently disbanded Communist Party. Before the decision of the French Government to concede the Annamese claims there was every indication that there would be a further outbreak of fighting, and even at the time of writing, conditions are by no means stabilised. The Annamese are reported to have had available a large supply of guns and ammunition, captured from puppet troops sent out to fight them by the Japanese occupation forces. Everything now depends upon the ability of the Annamese leader, Dr. Ho Chi Minh, to make good his claim to have the majority of the people behind him. He is reported to enjoy considerable prestige with Admiral d'Argenlieu the High Commissioner, and other leading French administrators, and he himself has emphasised that the new Republic cannot come into being without French technical and economic assistance. With regard to the status of the Emperor of Annam, nothing has been announced at the moment of writing, but as his position is largely decorative no great issues arise.

BEAUTIFUL BUT DEADLY : The menace of the iceberg to the North Atlantic sea-lanes. A new picture taken during the springtime ice patrol, which, by order of President Truman, has just been renewed by the American Coast Guard Service in order to provide up-to-the-moment data with regard to the location and drift of the southward-bound icebergs

A NEW KIND OF SPRING PLOUGHING : An American Coast Guard cutter heads into the crust of a North Atlantic ice-pack. Another picture taken during the annual springtime ice patrol, which has now been resumed after being interrupted during the war years. The Ice Patrol calls for ships of a specially sturdy character, the hulls being of exceptionally massive construction in order to withstand ice pressure. This vessel belongs to the new Owasco class, some of which have been built by the Coast Guard Shipyard, Curtis Bay, Maryland, and some by the Western Pipe and Steel Company on the Pacific coast. These cutters, which replace others transferred to the British Navy, cost £500,000 each

THE LAST OF THE "BYRON DARNTON"—AN AMERICAN LIBERTY SHIP BREAKS IN TWO AFTER RUNNING AGROUND OFF THE ISLAND OF SANDA, AT THE APPROACHES TO THE FIRTH OF CLYDE : A dramatic view of the 7,000-ton passenger and cargo ship as she was battered by the waves after her crew and passengers had been taken off to safety. When the *Byron Darnton* sent out her first S O S for immediate assistance, the Campbeltown and Portpatrick lifeboats were at once launched, but an easterly gale, a rough sea, and poor visibility made rescue work difficult. At one time four lifeboats, two destroyers, two landing-craft and a tug were standing by, having raced through heavy seas in order to render assistance. The steamer, owned by the United States War Administration, was inward bound to the Clyde from Copenhagen. A Norwegian war bride, who lost her trousseau, and seven Norwegian girl students were among the fifteen passengers

MARCH ON THE HIGH SEAS

The Atlantic Ice Patrol : Britain's Export Drive : The Wreck of the "Byron Darnton" : "Lawhill" at Cape Town

Nearly 500,000 tons of shipping are now using the Port of London weekly, and at the present rate of progress it will not be long before the figure is increased to 1,000,000 tons, with every berth occupied along the Port's 44 miles of quays. In the first week in February more than 400 vessels used the port, and the speed of loading and unloading was a most heartening sight. In spite of heavy blitzing of dock installations and warehouses in the inner or western area of the London docks, the main docks have remained intact to a remarkable degree. Perhaps the best vantage point to view this renewed activity is from below Gravesend, where the big ships gather speed as the river broadens out into the Estuary. It was at this point that Mr. Montague

BUSY DAYS IN THE LONDON RIVER—24,000-TON VESSELS PASS EACH OTHER IN THE ESTUARY OF THE THAMES : To-day the Port of London is working at high pressure, and here indeed one may see Britain's export drive in being as ships leave with widely-variegated cargoes for all parts of the world. The vessel on the left is inward bound with passengers and cargo, and, as she passes Gravesend, she will be signalled to a vacant berth—*Drawing by Montague Dawson***

THOROUGHBREDS FOR INDIA : These four racehorses, comfortably stabled on the deck of the cargo steamer "Obra," are among a consignment of twelve bound from Newcastle-on-Tyne to Madras. They will help to improve the bloodstock in Southern India, where racing has tended to languish during the war years. Some of the coloured members of the crew are acting as grooms during the voyage. The *Obra* is a new vessel and this is her maiden voyage

Dawson painted the accompanying picture. Near Gravesend on the ebb tide there is a veritable procession of outgoing ships on nearly every day of the week, and it is good to know that no sooner are their berths empty than other vessels come to take their place. At the moment many of the big passenger liners that once used Tilbury and the Port of London are either still in military service or else are being converted to their peacetime functions. As a consequence numerous passengers are having to travel in cargo vessels equipped with dormitories.

AN OLD-TIMER IN TABLE BAY : The "Lawhill," one of the last square-riggers afloat, flies only her mizzen as she is picked up by a tug before being taken into Cape Town Docks. The "Lawhill" had just completed a forty-six-day passage across the Indian Ocean from Bunbury, West Australia. She now flies the South African flag, having been seized from the Finnish Government by the Union Government in 1941. During the rest of the war she voyaged between South Africa and Australia without once being damaged or, indeed, intercepted by the enemy. The route across the South Indian Ocean passing St. Paul's Rocks and almost entering the waters of the Antarctic, is one of the loneliest in the world, and during the winter it is a region of long-continued storms of great violence

THE RESURRECTION AND THE CROWNING OF THE VIRGIN MARY : This magnificent piece of sculpture, forming part of the western façade of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, is faithfully reproduced in plaster cast, and is among the many remarkable exhibits at the Palais de Chaillot, in Paris, where the student of architecture can study plaster casts of many of the great monuments and sculptures of France. The façade of Notre Dame, the finest part of the cathedral, has served as a model for the façades of many other French churches. It dates from the beginning of the thirteenth century

A SERVANT WATCHES FOR THE RETURN OF HIS MASTER : The original of this magnificent sculpture adorns the walls of the house of Jacques Cœur at Bourges, and here in plaster cast it is on view at the Palais de Chaillot. Jacques Cœur was a merchant prince of the fifteenth century, and the treasurer of King Charles VII of France, but he obtained so much influence that he aroused the jealousy of others. His enemies accused him of debasing the coinage of the realm. Jacques' romantic life ended as he led an expedition against the Turks. His house is one of the most interesting medieval buildings surviving in Bourges

THE NEW PLASTERS OF PARIS

Gems of French Sculpture Arrayed in the Palais de Chaillot in Plaster-Cast Form

On left—**HIS WHOLE REIGN WAS A PERIOD OF STRIFE AND MISERY :** The bust of King Charles V of France, one of the treasures of the Louvre, as seen in plaster cast at the Palais de Chaillot. Charles was born at Vincennes in 1337, and during his unhappy reign he had to contend with the war with England and with the revolt of the peasants

A SCULPTURAL TREASURE FROM BURGUNDY : This fine group, showing the body of Christ in the hands of his followers, is in the possession of the Church of Villeneuve l'Archvêque and attracts visitors from far and wide during the summer months, when holiday-makers flock into Burgundy. By exhibiting it in plaster-cast form at the Palais de Chaillot it becomes known to a much wider circle, and it is felt by the authorities that these casts must prove of particular value to students of art and architecture who are working in Paris

ADORNING THE PORTAL OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL : Three of the 530 statues which are set in the deeply-recessed portals of the western façade and are one of the chief glories of the cathedral. Rheims is one of the noblest and most magnificent examples of the early-Gothic style, having been founded in 1212 and completed in the fourteenth century. Some of the 530 statues have suffered from the ravages of wind and weather, but the three depicted here are in almost perfect condition. That in the centre is known as "The Knight's Communion"

THE ANGELS' PILLAR : The plaster-cast version of one of the great glories of the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Strasburg. The pillar is situated in one of the transepts, and is adorned with the figures of angels and allegorical beasts and birds. Strasburg Cathedral is, perhaps, one of the sublimest examples of Gothic architecture in existence, and it is a remarkable fact that in the three Franco-German wars of 1870-71, 1914-18 and 1939-45, it should have sustained such a comparatively small amount of damage

THE WESTERN FAÇADE OF CHARTRES : A cast of one of the three great sculptured doorways adorning the entrance to the cathedral. The statues flanking the entrance are stiff and Byzantine in type, with flat faces, short arms, elongated bodies and ungraceful drapery but at the time they were completed they represented a great advance in ecclesiastical art, and they mark an epoch in its history. The first cathedral at Chartres was destroyed by fire in the eleventh century, and the rebuilding work was started about the year 1120, amid much popular enthusiasm, the devout peasants yoking themselves to carts and dragging materials for the towers. In 1194, however, another fire created havoc to the structure, and in its present form it dates mainly from the first half of the thirteenth century. The tower was rebuilt in 1507-14

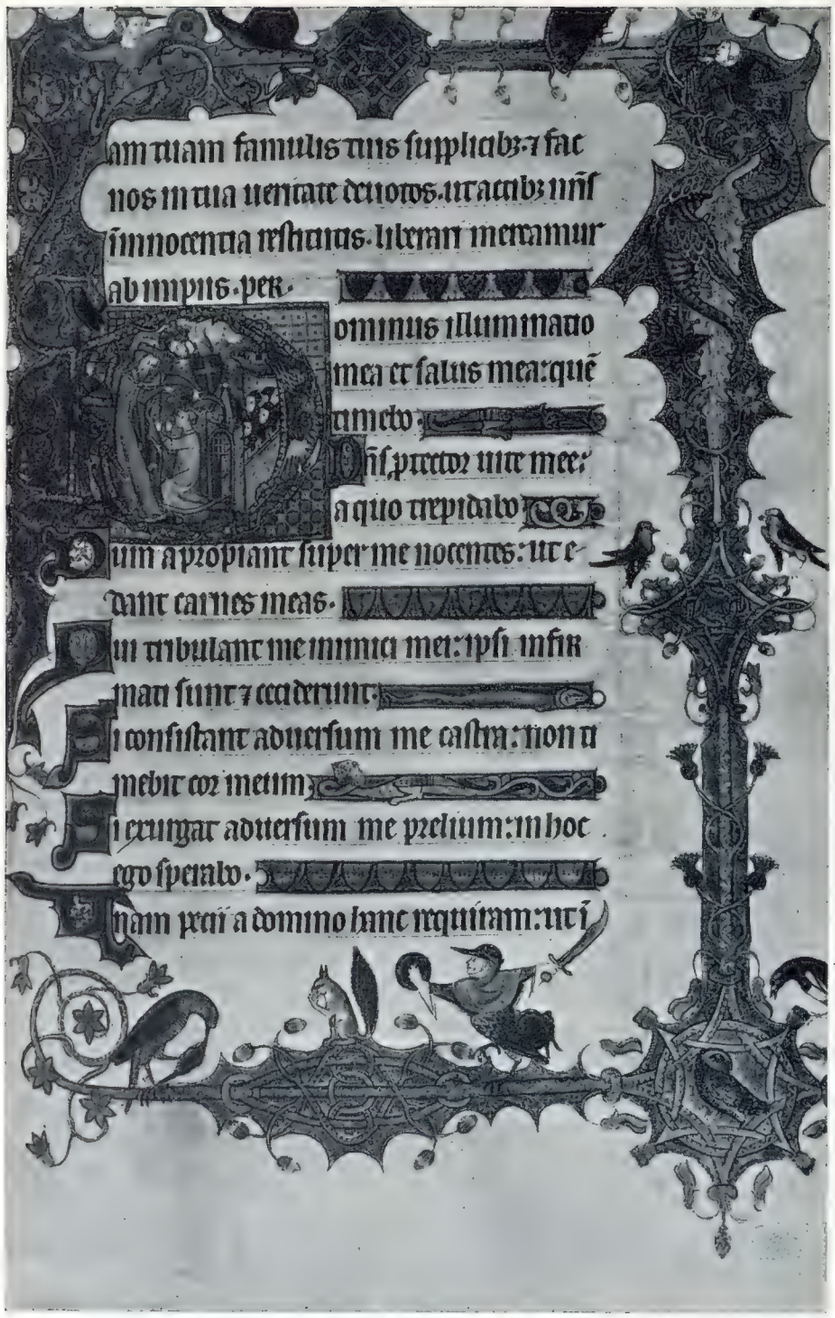
CHRIST APPEARS TO MARY MAGDALENE AND THE THREE MARIES : This bas-relief decorates the choir of Notre Dame in Paris. It is a notable achievement of Gothic sculpture, although the figures are to an extent stylised in the manner of the time

ST. LO, ST. AMBROSIUS AND ST. NICHOLAS : They adorn niches in the southern façade of Chartres Cathedral

There are some who may aver that the plaster cast is but a poor substitute for the real thing, and if one cannot gaze upon the original of some great work of art, it is better to leave the subject alone. Visitors to the Palais de Chaillot, in Paris, may not agree with this view, and, indeed, they are often agreeably surprised to find with what distinction notable works of art have been copied. In these galleries it is possible for the student of art and architecture to see gems of sculpture from every corner of the land; works that he or she might never have had the opportunity of admiring in their original form. Indeed, this museum is really designed for the student, and particularly the student without the means at his disposal to make the grand tour of the cathedral cities of France. Most notable of all these plaster casts are the sculptures from the Cathedrals of Notre Dame, Paris, Chartres and Rheims, while no one can withhold admiration from the delightful sculpture that adorns the house of Jacques Cœur, in Bourges—the figure of a servant watching from an upper window for the return of his master. Jacques Cœur was a romantic, possibly villainous, character, and his home at Bourges is one of the show-places of the town. Another cast of much interest is that of "Christ in the Hands of His Followers," from the Church of Villeneuve l'Archevêque, in Burgundy. The Angels' Pillar, which stands in one of the transepts of Strasburg Cathedral, is also a particularly remarkable piece of sculpture, and one that has been fortunate enough to survive the three wars fought on the Franco-German frontier

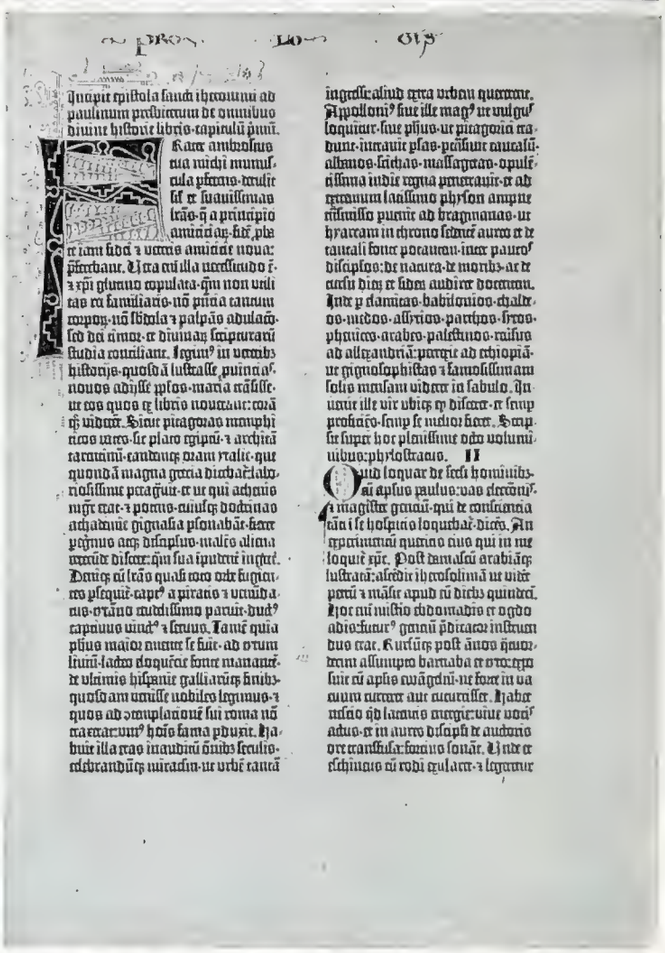
TREASURES OF THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY

Once Again on View After Six-and-a-half Years

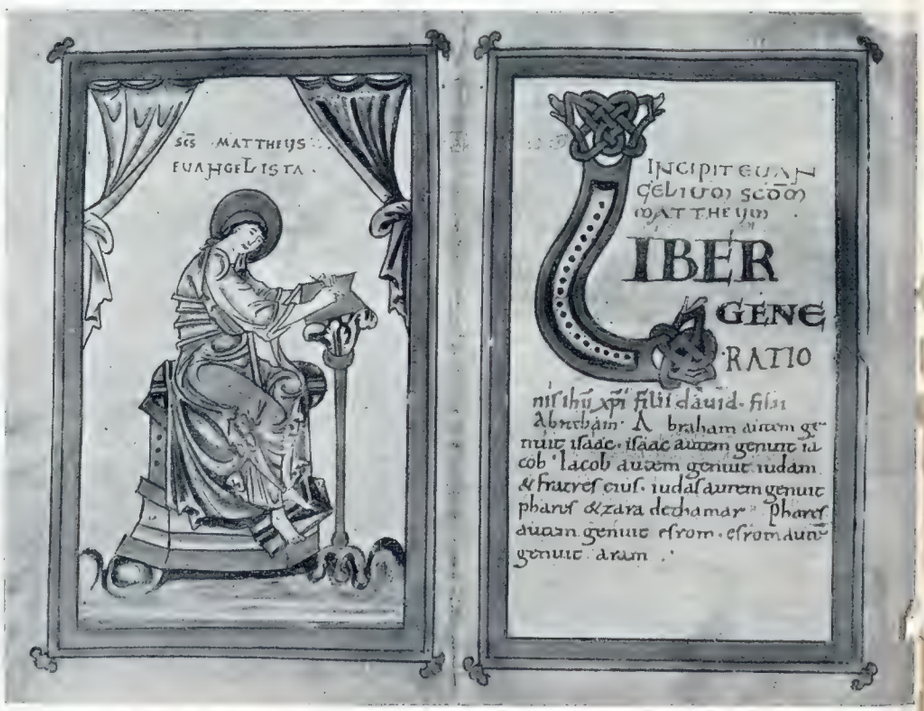


A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY TREASURE OF THE BODLEIAN: A page from the Ormesby Psalter, which has now been restored to view at Oxford's famous library, together with all the other manuscripts and printed books which were hidden away during the war years

THE INTRICATELY BEAUTIFUL DETAIL OF THE ORMESBY PSALTER: A section of the elaborate decoration from this fourteenth-century book of Psalms, which is now on view again at the Bodleian. A squirrel, with his great bushy tail, is shown chewing a nut, while another figure, half-woman, half-bird, brandishes a sword



A PAGE FROM THE FIRST PRINTED BIBLE; THE FIRST BOOK MADE FROM MOVABLE TYPE: It was produced at Mainz in 1455 by Gutenberg, Fust and Schoefer, and it is known as the Mazarin Bible, because its existence was unknown until a copy was found in 1760 among Cardinal Mazarin's books in Paris. The Bodleian copy was purchased in 1793 for £100, whereas in the present century a copy fetched £21,200 at public auction. In the Bodleian collection there are about 5,600 books printed before 1501, one of the most interesting being a 'Blockbook" in which the leaves were printed from type cut in relief on a piece of wood. The Bodleian also possesses the first book printed in English by Caxton

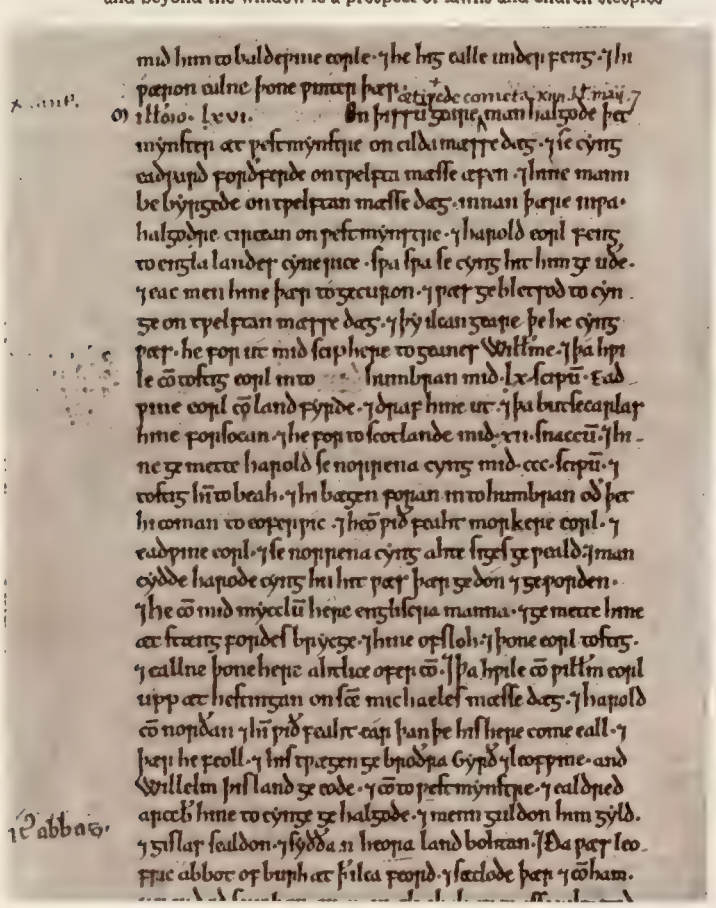


THE GOSPEL BOOK OF ST. MARGARET OF SCOTLAND, SISTER OF EDGAR ÆTHELING AND WIFE OF KING MALCOLM III: A portrait of St. Matthew and the opening page of the Gospel in this eleventh-century manuscript, which was much treasured by St. Margaret and which she took with her wherever she went. On one page is a contemporary poem in Latin describing how the Gospel was being taken to a meeting-place where it was to be used for administering an oath. On the way it fell out of a priest's robe into a stream. A knight, seeing it lying in the bed of the stream, jumped in and recovered it. He found it almost undamaged, as if protected by a miracle. Margaret won a great reputation among the Scots for her charity and piety, and was canonised in 1250

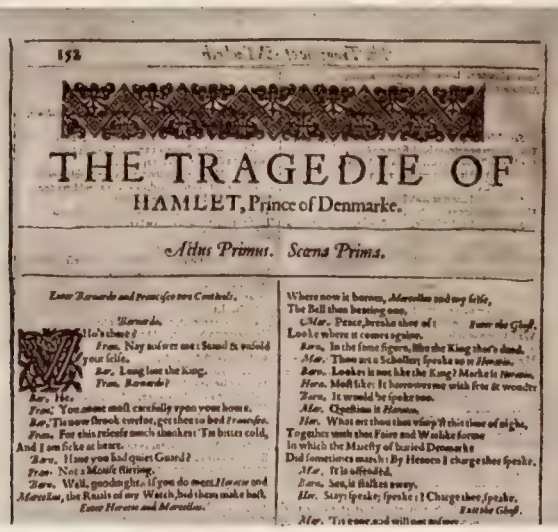
After 6½ years the Bodleian Library has restored to public view the many treasures, both manuscript and printed, which before the war were such an attraction to visitors, and on these pages are illustrated some of the more interesting and important documents in this great Oxford collection. Those who take a special interest in illuminated manuscripts can see again the celebrated Ormesby Psalter, a gem of the fourteenth century, and the equally celebrated *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, while among the printed books pride of place goes to the Mainz Bible, the first to be printed from movable type. The *Horæ*, printed by William de Machlinia, is a newcomer to the Bodleian, having been presented during the war

A DETAIL FROM PLINY'S "NATURAL HISTORY": A work printed on vellum in Venice in 1476 and enriched with illuminations, of which this initial letter "D" is a typical example. A bearded savant is shown at his reading desk, and beyond the window is a prospect of lawns and church steeples

FIFTEENTH-CENTURY TYPOGRAPHY ILLUMINATION: A page from Pliny's *Natural History*, the superb manuscript produced in Venice in 1476 and now regarded as one of the principal treasures of the Bodleian Library. The paper is still as white as when it came from the press, and the ink is still black and quite unfaded—a tribute to the care that has been lavished upon all the manuscripts and books of the Bodleian throughout the centuries. Pliny's *Natural History* consisted of thirty-seven books and was dedicated to the Emperor Titus. During its compilation he is reputed to have read more than 2,000 books. The work deals with anthropology, zoology, botany, *materia medica*, mineralogy, painting and sculpture



A PAGE FROM THE "ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE": From the historian's point of view this is one of the most precious manuscripts in the Bodleian collection. Of this there are extant only six other copies; but this one, written at Peterborough, is continued for some seventy-five years later than any other, reaching the reign of Henry II. The particular page depicted here deals with the year 1066, and the names of King Harold and William the Conqueror both appear



THE OPENING PAGE OF "HAMLET" IN THE SHAKESPEAREAN FIRST FOLIO: This volume crept into the Bodleian, despite the founder of the library's objection to "plaie books." When the third folio made its appearance, however, the first was discarded as an unwanted duplicate. It was not until 1905 that this particular copy of the first folio was recognised as that originally at Oxford. A subscription was raised and the book was bought back for £3,000

THE FIRST ILLUSTRATIONS TO APPEAR IN A BOOK PRINTED IN LONDON were included in this vellum *Horæ*, produced by William de Machlinia in 1484. The book has eight wood-cuts, heightened with gold and colours. It is a newcomer to the Bodleian Library, being the gift during the war years of Mr. Frank Berenger Benger and Mr. George Smith. It is already attracting admiring attention at the Library, and there is every sign that the Bodleian's treasures, both manuscript and printed, will be just as great an attraction as they were in the years before 1939

THE GERMAN PRISON CAMP IN KENSINGTON GARDENS : It has been built by the Royal Engineers and the tentage will accommodate five hundred German prisoners, who are engaged in building other camps in London parks for the reception of Allied troops taking part in the Victory Parade in June

THE GERMANS MOVE IN : Prisoners of war, who are living in the camp set up for them in Kensington Gardens, passing in stores on taking possession of their new quarters in the heart of residential London. While they are in Kensington Gardens, the Germans will form working parties to build other camps in Hyde Park, Regents Park, etc., in order to receive the thousands of Commonwealth troops who will be thronging into London for the Victory Parade in June. After the work of construction the Germans will be moved out of the London zone

PRISON CAMP IN KENSINGTON

And Other Items of Home News Shown in Pictures

THE GREAT MISSENDEN VEHICLE DUMP : Motor-cycles, trucks and ambulances awaiting the auction sale which the Government is to hold shortly. The sale has aroused so much interest that the dump has received thousands of visitors, and bribes have been offered to the guards in order to gain admittance. Over 600 cars are included in the catalogue of sale

CARS BY THE HUNDRED : Army utility vehicles lined up at the Great Missenden dump where they will be disposed of by public auction. Some are reasonably roadworthy, but the majority need the services of a skilled mechanic

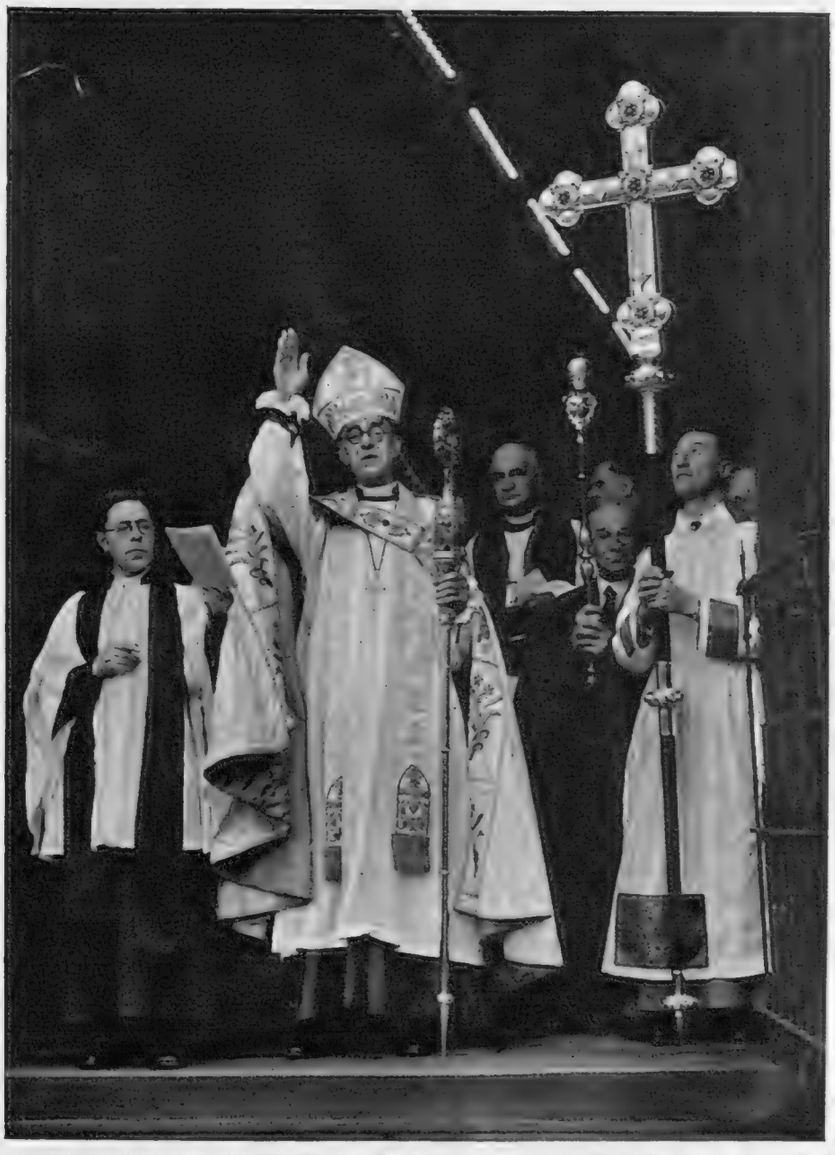
A CITY CHURCH ATTRACTS LONDON MUSIC-LOVERS : One of a series of five concerts being given in the Church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield. The choir of St. Matthew's Church, Northampton, seen during their rendering of choral works by Benjamin Britten, Edmund Rubbra and Lennox Berkeley, a programme that attracted a large and enthusiastic evening congregation to this city church. Three of the compositions were new to London, the first and most important being Britten's "Festival *Te Deum*," which is described as "a most happy piece of music, new in idiom, but devotional in mood"

WINDSOR CASTLE REOPENED TO THE PUBLIC : Visitors touring the precincts with one of the official guides. Soon the public rooms will also be open, and the many beautiful art treasures and furnishings, which were stored away in safety during the war years are now being returned to their places

H.M.S. "WARSPITE" COMES TO THE END OF AN ADVENTUROUS CAREER: The thirty-three-year-old battleship, which is to be scrapped as a result of a recent Admiralty order. The *Warspite* began her career at Jutland, where she received many direct hits during the course of the engagement, and before the outbreak of the 1939-45 war she was completely overhauled, new guns, new machinery and new equipment being installed in the old hull. When she ran her new trials the *Warspite* was at first unfortunate, trouble developing in her steering-gear. With the outbreak of hostilities, however, *Warspite* went into action again, and she served with distinction at the Battle of Narvik, when she entered the fjord in support of our destroyers. Her last action was in 1944, when her 15-in. guns engaged the shore batteries near Westkapelle and Domburg during the Marine Commando assault on Walcheren Island

THE DUKE OF RUTLAND AND HIS BRIDE-TO-BE: A picture taken in the grounds of Belvoir Castle after the announcement of their engagement. The future Duchess of Rutland is Miss Anne Cumming-Bell, the daughter of Major and Mrs. Cumming-Bell. During the war she served with the F.A.N.Y. The Duke was with the Grenadier Guards, taking part in the actions at Caen and being wounded at the crossing of the Dortmund-Ems Canal. He was then invalided out of the service. The Duke is the tenth holder of the title

GENERAL EISENHOWER'S SWORD OF HONOUR: The blade being embossed with a special inscription at the Acton works of the Wilkinson Sword Company. When the Allied leader went to the Guildhall to receive the Freedom of the City of London on June 12, 1945, he was also presented with a sword of honour. For the occasion he was handed a token sword, one that had belonged to the Duke of Wellington; but now the City's own sword is nearing completion. Engaged in the work of embossing is Mr. Charles Webb



THE ENTHRONING OF THE THIRTY-FOURTH BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER: The Right Rev. C. S. Woodward, formerly Bishop of Bristol, delivering his blessing on the city from the cathedral door after he had been enthroned at Gloucester. Many notabilities attended the ceremony, including the Lord Lieutenant of Gloucestershire and the Duke of Beaufort, representing the King. Dr. Woodward has spent part of his career in London, having worked in Southwark and Kensington

BALLET CASTS A WIDENING SPELL

No Longer Does It Appeal Solely to the Frenzied Fan, Having Won a High Place in Popular Esteem

By CHARLES GRAVES

IN the new atomic age there is nothing like ballet to provide a form of escapism. The absence of dialogue and the playing of the (usually) sweet, seductive music have a particular charm for anyone who has been subjected to bombing, shell-fire and the other unpleasant noises of war. When, a year ago, I was out in the Low Countries as a war correspondent, it did not really surprise me to find that in Brussels the Vic-Wells Ballet Company was crowded to the doors with hefty troops just back from the Front only 100 miles away. One might have thought that the forty-eight hours' leave was more likely to be spent in wine, women and song. In fact, however, the ballet was quite the most popular entertainment provided by the frequently unpopular E.N.S.A.

Now, at Covent Garden, it is almost impossible to book a seat less than a fortnight or three weeks ahead. And there is continuous talk of extending the season. For whereas fifteen years ago there were probably less than 100,000 ballet enthusiasts, they now, I am assured, run into millions.

Diaghileff is largely responsible for this, although there used to be continuous ballet at the Empire and the Alhambra. Those ballets, filling the last half of the programme, were lavishly mounted and yet highly topical. Some people still say that Freddy Farren was the finest mime and ballet dancer of all time.

In those days the audience were perfectly normal people. The arrival of the Russian Ballet, however, produced a frenzied type of fan—many of the women being short-haired and the men being the reverse. They began to talk a most extraordinary jargon, and announced proudly that they were balletomanes—balle-ptomaine to most of us.

During that phase it was almost impossible for an English dancer to succeed unless he or she changed her name. Thus, Patrick Keay became Anton Dolin, Alice Marks became Markova, Betty Cuff changed her name to Vera Nelidova, and Elizabeth Ruxton became Lisa Serova. All that has altered. Normal men and women flock in thousands to see the Robert Helpmanns, Mona Inglesbys, Margot Fonteyns, Frank Staffs, Michael Someses, Moira Shearers, Pamela Mays and Harold Turners. So popular is ballet that the public will swallow practically anything offered to-day by, among others, the Anglo-Russian Ballet, the Anglo-Polish Ballet, the International Ballet, The Sadler's Wells Ballet, the Ballets Joos and the Ballet Rambert.

I have not seen *The Sleeping Beauty*, but it is an interesting phenomenon that it has been a smash-hit during the past month, although when produced by the great Diaghileff himself with a superb cast, it flopped badly. Every night the 2,100 seats at Covent Garden are applied for twice over. And, what is more, it is not always the same applicants who come night after night as used to be the case when a taste for ballet was only comparable with a taste for hashish.

Nor are the present artistes themselves so madly temperamental as their predecessors. This is presumably due to the fact that the training is by no means so severe as it was in the days of the Imperial Russian Ballet, when the dancers were brought up in a convent-like atmosphere and then naturally cut loose when their restrictions were removed. One knows little about the present Russian Ballet except for the *émigré* companies in the United States. But their place in popular esteem has been taken by English and Australian favourites like the aforementioned Robert Helpmann, Margot Fonteyn and Mona Inglesby. In the same way the choreography and the music are provided by Englishmen like Frederick Ashton, Vaughan Williams, Arthur Bliss and William Walton.

How many of the new ballets will survive is conjectural. The oldest ballet still danced is *Giselle*, first presented in 1841, and given without interruption ever since its creation. Altogether, there are about thirty standard classics, headed by *Les Sylphides*, *Spectre de la Rose*, *Scheherazade*, *Petroushka*, *Firebird*, *Coq d'Or*, *Coppelia*, *La Boutique Fantasque*, *Good-Humoured Ladies*, *Le Tricorne* and *Lac des Cygnes*. Among the newer ballets which look as though they are likely to survive are *The Rake's Progress* and *Les Patineurs*. Every year dozens of new ballets are presented. Many of them die quickly. Others flicker fitfully for a few performances. Fewer than one in 100 stand any chance of being presented in the current repertoire of 1976.

Relatively speaking, the same can be said of the ballet companies themselves. At random one recalls the Anna Pavlova Company, the Swedish Ballet, the Diaghileff Company, Les Ballets Russes de Monte-Carlo, Les Ballets Russes du Colonel de Basil, the original Ballet Russe, the Markova-Dolin Ballet, the London Ballet, the Arts Theatre Ballet, the Ballet Guild, quite apart from the Ballet Caravan, the Philadelphia Ballet, the Page-Stone Ballet, the San Francisco Opera Ballet, and others of the same ilk.

Ballet, as we know it to-day, had as its direct ancestress the show produced for Catherine de Medici by her valet, Baldassarini Belgiojoso, an Italian who took the French name of Baltasar de Beaujoyeux. Under Louis XIV the dance developed still further, but in those days the length and weight of women's costumes made real dancing almost impossible. It was La Camargo, in 1721, who caused a scandal by shortening her skirt a few inches and thus enabling her to do a primitive kind of *entrechat*.

Then came the romantic ballet, with Taglioni translating the ideas of Theophile Gautier. The Russian Ballet now went into the lead through the efforts of Marius Petipa (a Frenchman), Gustav Johanssen (a Dane) and Enrico Cecchetti (an Italian).

From that day to this ballet dancing has been the most poorly paid of all the mobile arts. Even now, with the turnstiles clicking merrily at every performance of every ballet company in the country, the weekly earnings of the star dancers are less than one-fifth of their opposite numbers on the stage, and perhaps one-tenth of film actors and film actresses—quite apart from the astronomical earnings of Hollywood stars. Doubtless, Robert Helpmann, in his various capacities, including choreography as well as dancing, earns a three-figure salary. But he is at the top of the tree—a tree which blooms for a very short time.

Ballet dancing, in fact, is still even now more of a vocation than a profession. Not so long ago it was actually necessary to have a private income to be in the ballet. Many members of the Diaghileff *Corps de Ballet* actually paid money to dance in it.

Arnold Haskell, in his classic on ballet published just before the war, estimated that an ordinary English girl will take two classes a week during eight months of the year between the ages of eight and fifteen ; average cost of classes, 4s. Total cost £43 16s., excluding shoes, practice dress, and so on. From fifteen to seventeen she will take a lesson a day for eight months of the year at £1 a week. In addition, she will probably pay £12 a year for a series of private lessons. The total cost is therefore slightly under £150.

By that time she is ready to join a company, if the company is ready to accept her. Once she is chosen she may be paid as much as £5 a week and given a new pair of shoes every eight or twelve performances. This is inadequate. She must also provide two pairs of tights at 3 guineas (pre-war) a pair. She has various other expenses, such as make-up. Not very much remains to reward an exceptionally talented girl whose work is nearly as hard as that of a hospital nurse. With exceptionally good fortune her salary might reach £15 a week.

The reason for the poor pay of the dancer is partly due to the expense of the orchestra, which, even before the war, was liable to cost £700 a week. Extra rehearsals could raise the ante to as much as £1,400 a week. A new ballet, even before the war, cost anything from £750 to £3,000, and it will only form a third of the evening's entertainment. There are also all the expenses of travel, because, wildly popular though ballet has become, the various managements still presume that London is not yet ripe for a permanent ballet theatre.

The situation at Covent Garden Opera House at the moment, as far as the Vic-Wells Ballet is concerned, is that Messrs. Boosey and Hawkes are shouldering all the responsibilities of the lease and the expenses of the staff in running the building. If under their arrangements with the Opera House they more than recover their expenses, then they are under covenant to hand over any profit for the use of the Covent Garden Opera Trust. But if, on the other hand, they are unfortunate enough as to have losses, then they must bear them.

This Trust intends to build the Royal Opera House as a National Lyric Theatre and to keep it open practically all the year round. It intends to have two resident companies—an opera company and a ballet company—and to invite companies from abroad so that London may have a chance of seeing what the national theatres of other countries are doing. They may even have concerts in Covent Garden, and produce plays, as long as these require considerable musical resources.

To conclude : For the benefit of beginners, here are a few of the trickier phrases used by every balletomane, with their meanings :

Pas de Bourrée : Progression on the points by a sequence of very small, even steps, suggestive of gliding. *Pirouette :* A complete turn of the body accomplished on one leg. *Five Positions :* The basic positions of the feet from which all movements start and in which all movements end. *Entrechat :* A jump during which the feet change their position with regard to one another, sometimes as many as eight times. *Elevation :* Dancing in the air. The importance is not merely the height reached, but gentleness of landing. *The barre :* A horizontal bar about 40 in. from the ground, round the walls of every class-room.

HOW DOES THIS STRIKE YOU ? A young ballet dancer shows her paces while a sturdy fellow-competitor looks on admiringly. They were waiting to appear before the examining body which has been meeting in Paris to choose new dancers for the Corps de Ballet at the Opera Comique. At the first examination seventeen only were chosen out of eighty-seven aspirants, and this week there has been a further weeding-out to find the lucky few who will join the company. The post of ballet dancer, in a subsidised theatre such as the Opera Comique, may be eagerly sought after, but it brings little enough financial reward these days. Ballet remains one of the most poorly paid of all the arts, particularly in France

BALLET RUSSE RETURNS TO PARIS : Members of the Russian Ballet taking part in "The Vicious Circle," a production which packed the Salle Pleyel on its first night earlier this month. As in London, ballet is enjoying quite a post-war boom in the French capital, most companies playing to capacity

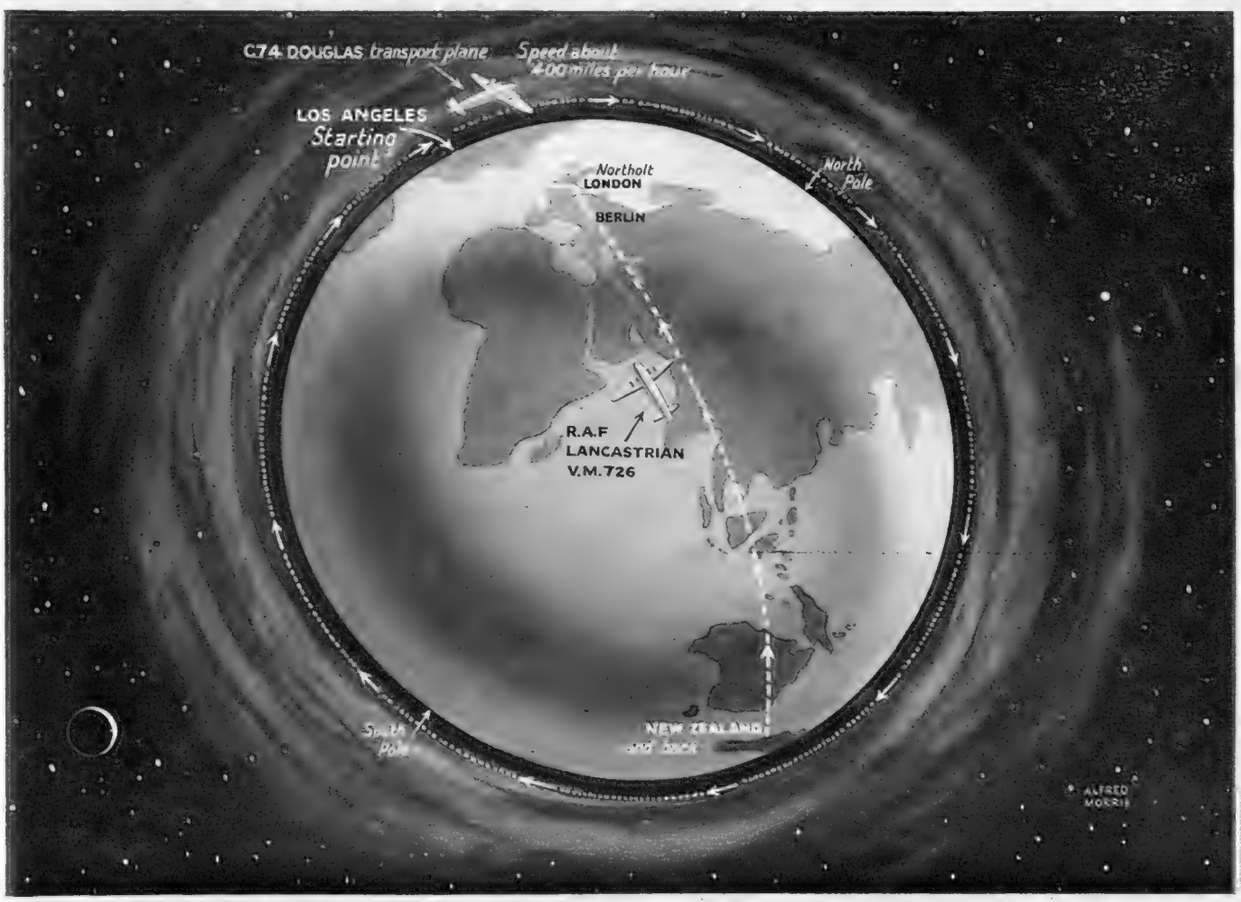
THE LAST OF THE "FORTS" GOES BY—FLYING OVER HONINGTON, SUFFOLK, FOLLOWING THE EVACUATION OF THE AMERICAN AIRFIELD: A "Sphere" artist depicts a dramatic and emotional moment as the last Flying Fortress of the U.S. Eighth Air Force made its departure from Britain, flying over Honington in the fading light of a winter day. Its take-off signalled the end in Britain of those vast fleets of Flying Fortresses and Liberators which went out almost daily to help smash Germany's war industrial plants and, when coupled with the British night attacks, provided the round-the-clock offensive—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

THE EIGHTH AIR FORCE GOES HOME

And Other News of Aeronautical Interest

At the moment Britain is far from backward in the realm of experimental aviation, and the recent flight to New Zealand and back by the R.A.F. Transport Command *Lancastrian* is one of the most remarkable that has been made since the war, a total distance of 25,000 miles being covered in 123 hours 33 minutes, and in an elapsed time of 6 days 13 hours. The purpose of the flight was to give experience to crews engaged in carrying V.I.P.s (very important persons) making long journeys in Transport Command aircraft.

Another remarkable global flight is that contemplated by the American Air Transport Command. They have lately been trying out at Los Angeles a C.74 Douglas transport equipped with 3,000-h.p. engines, which it is claimed could leave Los Angeles, refuel in Berlin and Tokyo, and return to Los Angeles, all in the space of 72 hours. The machine is believed to have a speed of 400 m.p.h., and it can use its reversible-pitch propellers for braking on landing.



GLOBAL FLIGHTS ARE BECOMING ROUTINE—AMERICAN AND BRITISH ENTERPRISE SPANS THE WORLD: A diagrammatic sketch showing the path of the R.A.F. Transport Command "Lancastrian" in its 25,000-mile flight from Britain to New Zealand and back; and also the round-the-world route to be taken by the C.74 Douglas Transport, which is to start from Los Angeles and attempt to encircle the globe with only two stops—*Drawing by Alfred Morris*

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

PRINCE OF SPENDTHRIFTS (3).—Being no anchorite, George Payne must have his unofficial pleasures and, of course, as easily as great charm and unlimited money could provide them. It is said that he was absolutely irresistible by women of the lower orders. He had but to knock on the ceiling in whatever house he might be and the prettiest maidservant forthwith accepted her destiny.

Accordingly, "for the comfort of his male guests and himself," George (*pace* Osbaldeston) furnished a small house three-quarters of a mile from Sulby "for the reception of young females." It was rather near the roof-tree where his mother presided; in our eyes rather near the line, a little too much like fouling his own nest. And there are other legends still current of his amours in the locality. Indoors or out, it was all the same to George. At any rate, it underlines the humiliations to which the womenfolk of the breed were still subjected, and it had sharp reactions at Sulby. The elder Miss Payne, Mary Eleanor, always a little severe and frightening to the youthful fox-hunting guest, took a dangerous turn of religion. In Osbaldeston's presence one day she registered a most disquieting disapprobation of the moral tone of the conversation, and the very next day, as the two Georges passed through Welford on their way to the meet, their horrified eyes observed her dropping a packet of tracts at a tradesman's door. She carried the reaction as far as praying in the cell of a condemned man before she was rescued by Tom Paris and brought back to the fold via the Altar. It is not known whether the little furnished house at the park gate was included in her tract-delivery round, but the strength of her reaction suggests that it was.

In May and June and July, of course, each year Sulby was deserted, and George's headquarters for the Epsom, Ascot, Newmarket and Goodwood Meetings would be the "Turf" Club in Grafton Street; his night haunt Crockford's or the Portland Club.

At one or other of these establishments he was sure to be found; engaged with Osbaldeston and others at whist at the Portland "at £100 the trick and £1,000 on the rubber"; or later on, when Admiral Rous was quit of the sea, and he and George had become the fastest of friends, the two would "draw the Turf Clubmen flocking upstairs at a rumour that the Admiral and G.P. were playing together."

In those days the clubs in London were few, and evening amusements of a respectable kind as sadly to seek. The quadrilles and waltzes of Almack's found no favour with the "Legs," for crushes and drums they had no use, the Opera bored them, and there were hardly any theatres.

Inevitably they fell back on the clubs and the tables. Crockford's and White's were the chief rivals for their patronage, and were very exclusive, and of the former Payne was a leading light. It was a proprietary club of 800 members and was managed by a committee, Crockford having no say in its decisions. He provided his patrons with a superb house, a free and magnificent supper, which cost him £8,000 a year, and he relied on money-lending and his percentage on the tables to increase his already large fortune acquired at the "Corner" at Tattersalls.

For the average non-gambling member the club offered good value for money. Its "chef" was always a "*cordon bleu*"—first Lord Sefton's famous Ude, and then Francatelli; and Creevey, who was no gambler and a shrewd economist, could dine there cheaply and regularly when nothing else offered.

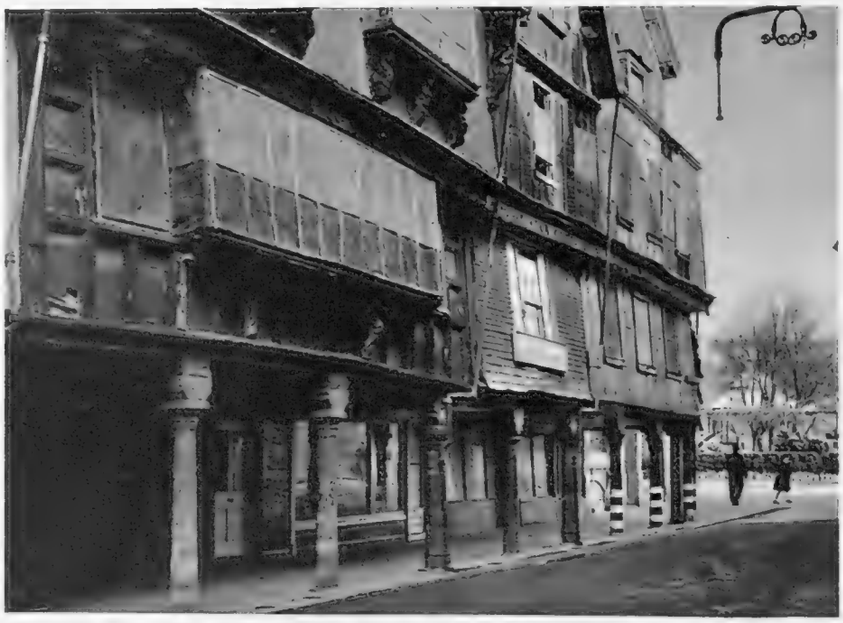
The regular gamblers were very few—Payne, Chesterfield, Massey-Stanley, Lichfield and Jack Villiers were the "big five"; Sefton lost money spasmodically (Creevey watched him drop £1,200 in an hour on one occasion), and d'Orsay when in funds or optimism. The "tone" was unexceptionable. Counters but no money showed on the table, and tempers and anxiety were never unmasked. On Crockford's death, the club petered out for lack of inspiration.

Besides whist and hazard, écarté, very fashionable in the early '30's, claimed George as an enthusiastic votary. There is a legend still current of his all-night sitting with Lord Albert Denison, on the latter's wedding eve, at Limmer's Hotel. They played écarté till dawn; and Denison, having parted with £30,000, went straight on to St. George's to marry Miss Forester. George had his ups as well as his downs—naturally, since he probably put in more hours at the card-table per year than any of his contemporaries. But his road to ruin lay always downhill, and it was steepest on the turf.

Then, of course, there were Tattersall's Rooms and the famous "Corner," where the betting ring assembled. Crockford had made his huge harvest of feathers from the pigeons and now took his toll from the tables of Crockford's.*

At the end of the 1820's ex-prize-fighter Gully was rising to his zenith, and, in partnership with Ridsdale, was laying the foundations of the fortune which was to carry him to the dignity of membership of the House of Commons. The "Corner," of course, drew George Payne as a magnet a needle. Far and wide, the evil and poisonous tentacles of the octopus stretched, destined as the years went on to be lopped, one by one, by Rous and George Bentinck.

In those days of transition, the programmes of the regular race meetings were still largely made up with private matches—it was the increase in regular fixtures with big prize money which gradually induced owners to compete for prizes worth winning instead of seeking profits from the heavy backing of their horses in private matches. The opportunities for rascality and corruption were therefore great, and men of the "Corner" missed none of them. It was not difficult to seduce the jockey, reasonably cheap to seduce the trainer, and by no means impossible to seduce the handicapper and the owner. The outlay was a trifle set beside the dazzling harvest. George cheerfully set his wits against the cornermen and, hopelessly tangled in their widespread web, was swiftly sucked dry.



THE FATE OF DARTMOUTH'S CELEBRATED BUTTER WALK HANGS IN THE BALANCE: This quaintly carved arcade, dating from the year 1640, was badly damaged by a German raider in 1943, and the property, where Charles II once held court, still remains in a pitifully dilapidated condition. The repair of the arcade will cost at least £10,000, and Dartmouth Corporation are seeking a solution to the problem of providing the necessary funds. A public subscription may be opened

* *Day's Reminiscences.* "Sylvanus Urbus," writing in '32, described the Turf as a mass of corruption and rascality from top to bottom. Men like Gully, Padwick and Hill rigged and seduced openly. Even George Bentinck's methods were not above suspicion, qua Day. Durham, Rous, and Sir E. B. B. Baker were pure.

NEW PLAYS: Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

EVANGELINE (Cambridge Theatre).—It is probable that this new musical version of *Nymph Errant* will be remembered—so far as it will be remembered at all—chiefly for the noisily unfavourable reception it received on the first night. Not a first-class entertainment by a long way, but considering the sort of stuff that gets away uncondemned, that booing seemed a bit unfair. As assets it has the charm, individuality, and conscientiousness of Miss Frances Day, though I would not say the part suited her, some pretty music and clever lyrics, good stage pictures and dancing, and a burlesque of Russia. This last amused me, but seems to have annoyed a lot of people as being blasphemous! However, on the whole, *Evangeline* is untidy, much too long, and a bit tedious.

Fifty-Fifty (Strand Theatre).—Not until I saw Mr. Harry Green as an employer of labour on a large scale having rows with his factory hands did I imagine that industrial disputes could ever be a foundation for a good farce. In the case of *Fifty-Fifty* it has happened, and not only because Mr. Green gives a brilliantly amusing performance as that Jewish boss (with moments of pathos), but because the play, with its absurd "Parliament" of working men, is well written and extremely well acted, particularly by Mr. Frank Pettingell (with a Yorkshire accent), and Mr. Ian Maclean (without a Scotch one).

The Theatre '46 Company (Scala Theatre).—A new theatrical enterprise which is frankly political has, I suppose, to start off with a bit of propaganda. They started off at the Scala with *Century for George*, such an utterly feeble affair that it must surely have bored the most enthusiastic Left-Wingers. It has been wisely followed by a cheery and truly rural farce, *Let Tyrants Tremble!* by Mr. Bernard Miles, who is very funny in the principal part. Its title is a bit misleading; there is no revolutionary Communism here—just a good-humoured and clever burlesque of a village Home Guard in 1940. So possibly Left Wingers were again bored.

Song of Norway (Palace).—Edvard Grieg has now been added to the long list of famous composers figuring as heroes of plays and films and surrounded by their own music. Here the hero is far luckier than most of his fellows. It is true that the part has been given an actor utterly unlike Grieg. But Mr. John Hargreaves is a good actor and a good singer, and all the very pleasant music is well sung, well danced to, and well played by a large orchestra, without any silly tricks or alterations. That is the main thing, and it more than excuses the negligible plot.

"BLITHE SPIRIT" ENDS ITS RUN AT THE DUCHESS THEATRE: Mr. Noel Coward with members of the company after the last performance of his popular play, which was recently withdrawn after 1,997 performances. While it was still running as a play, a film version was presented, but the theatre takings showed no falling off. During the long run several players have succeeded each other in the leading parts

HAND-PAINTING DRESDEN CHINA : Skilled workers in the finishing-room at the State Porcelain Factory at Meissen, near Dresden, which has been started up once again at the instigation of the Russian authorities and is being run by the Saxon Government. Many of the orders come from Russia and members of the occupying force

DRESDEN CHINA AGAIN IN PRODUCTION

The Russians Sponsor the State Factory

The Royal Porcelain Works at Meissen, just outside Dresden, is now once again producing the celebrated Dresden china and Meissen porcelain, the Russian Military Government having renamed the factory the State Porcelain Works and encouraged the Saxon State Government to set the industry going again.

With a much smaller staff than it had in pre-war days, the factory is now turning out its specialised pottery, and it is proving of great appeal to members of the occupying force, many of whom are purchasing sets of Dresden ware for sending back to their friends and relatives in Russia.

It was at Meissen that the secret of making hard kaolinic porcelain was first discovered. After years of labour and innumerable trials, which resulted only in the production of a kind of opaque glass or stoneware, a chemist, who had entered the service of Frederick Augustus II of Saxony, succeeded in 1709 in making a white, hard porcelain, the china clay and china stone having been discovered previously at Aue.

Extraordinary precautions were taken to prevent the process of manufacture from being revealed, but, notwithstanding the oaths imposed on the workmen, the secret was betrayed by one Stofzel, who fled to Vienna and helped to establish a rival factory.

The present factory at Meissen was fortunate in escaping bomb damage during the war.

A HAND-PAINTED FRUIT DISH : A typical modern product of the State Porcelain Factory at Meissen

MAKING A HAND-PAINTED DINNER SERVICE : Elsbeth Freytag has been doing this work for thirty-five years, and is one of the factory's most skilled workers

IN THE ROMANTIC MANNER : Otto Follner at work on a china model of a "Cavalier." The figure is still soft clay at this stage, and when modelling is finished, it will be put in an oven and will then be glazed

DEFT FINGERS : Oscar Burgardt puts the finishing-touches to a bird model before it is dried and glazed. Like Elsbeth Freytag, he has also been in the factory for thirty-five years

MODERN DRESDEN CHINA READY FOR MARKET : Here members of the Russian occupying force come to select presents for their friends and relatives. They have to wait about two months for delivery

SETTING TOGETHER THE MOULDS : Bruno Dietrich, another old employee and expert craftsman, at work on one of the early stages of production

IN TRADITIONAL STYLE : A fine bird group after completion of the painting and glazing. Every detail has been moulded by hand, and the painting is of the most delicate character, only a limited number of craftsmen being accomplished in the art

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

APIARISTS ARE OFTEN READABLE

And This One from Provence Tells Us of France After the Débâcle of 1940: Two New Simenons to Cheer the Reader

I NEVER knew a humble bee but it was sure to sting. For me the apiary is a place to be avoided. Yet I confess to getting a great pleasure out of books about bees and bee-keeping, for apiarists, like fishermen and golfers, have the habit of being readable, interesting and literate.

The first thing that attracted me about SHINING HOURS, by C. N. Buzzard (Collins. 10s. 6d.), was the dust-jacket picture of a Provençal village. The author lived at Mougins, somewhere near Notre Dame de Vie, on the other side from that tiny hill which is crowned by a sun-drenched village fringed by a long line of sentinel cypresses. He knew most of the polyglot celebrities who lived in that expensive terrain, and met most of those who visited it from time to time. On his small farm he grew olives, a little corn, and kept bees.

Authorities like Fabre and Lubbock provide plenty of evidence of the interesting life of these industrious insects, but I find the personalities of bee-keepers equally interesting. In some manner

they enter themselves into the corporate life of their charges, and add an extra human touch to an orderly way of life.

The author concludes his charming reminiscences with a personal account of the state of the Riviera after the collapse of France. He managed to stay on there long after most English people had cleared out, but eventually had to go when the Germans came in. He went through Marseilles, through Spain and Lisbon, and so to Bristol. "England looked so grimy, so unpainted, compared with its appearance in the old days of peace. People looked shabby, and serious and determined. The women's hats seemed awful, the queueing monotonously incessant." This is not the first time I have come across such sentiments expressed by returning Britons to England in wartime. What did they expect?

A new Simenon—or, as is more usual, two new Simenons together—are events to cheer the heart of the Constant Reader, and LOST MOORINGS (Routledge. 8s. 6d.) is no disappointment. The first of the two complete little novels contained in this volume is in some way a continuation of an earlier book, the account of the disaster which overtook a great shipbuilding family in La Rochelle. "Banana Tourist" shows the younger son of these Donadieus as a young man on his way from Marseilles to Tahiti, where he intends to lead the simple life and forget his family's tragedy. Thirty-seven days out of Marseilles, and near the Galapagos Islands, the ship stops almost within hailing distance of its sister-ship, homeward bound from Tahiti. The captain of the sister-ship comes aboard and is put under arrest, while a first officer replaces him in command on the home run, and the ship, with Donadieu, several hundred tourists and the captain-prisoner, proceeds to the South Sea island. As usual, M. Simenon opens his story calmly enough, with the bewildered boy watching the captain climb on board and recognising him as a friend of his father's, for whose first baby he himself had been godfather.

When the ship reaches Tahiti, Donadieu goes ashore, and after a few preliminary days at a squalid lodging, which is half-brothel and half-hotel, goes up into the hills to live in complete retreat in a remote cave. The captain goes to the local jail: he has been arrested for the self-confessed murder of one of his officers, who, in a recent stay in Tahiti, had shared the favours of his mistress.

The captain goes on trial and the rest of the tale is concerned not with any mystery—for that is not now Simenon's way—but with the wretched boy's distracted loyalties, between his own need of a hermit's life and his feeling that his father's old acquaintance, guilty or not guilty, should find some sort of advocate in him. This is one of the most subtle and one of the most powerful of all his stories, and the other one in the book, "Blind Path," good as it is in its macabre way, is no match for it.

The ubiquitous H.M. of Mr. Carter Dickson's mystery novels is always good value, and in LORD OF THE SORCERERS (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) he is again plainly in his element with all the trappings, including the green way in which his eyes will glitter.

Lord Severn, the distinguished archæologist, is mixed up in a smuggling plot, which includes a curse, a sword and a perfume box as the main ingredients. No fewer than three lovely young women are also involved; and on the last page they fall into the arms of their proper partners. The plot is immensely complicated, and I spotted no loopholes. I will only say that the surprise ending is completely successful, and that the background of muezzins and the like is as it should be.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S COUNTRY (Collins. 21s.) is the kind of book that you will want to buy and keep, and that no borrowing from even the most long-suffering library will satisfy. The text has been contributed by Edmund Blunden, who writes of English villages; V. Sackville-West on English country houses; John Betjeman on English cities and small towns; Leo Walmsley on British ports and harbours; Harry Roberts on English gardens, and Thomas Burke on English inns. All these sections have in their time been published as separate volumes in the series "Britain in Pictures," and are now wisely incorporated into a whole. As usual with the smaller and separate works in this excellent collection, the illustrations, both in black and white and in colour, are quite remarkable, and, with due deference to the authors concerned, form at least half of the volumes' great attraction. Constable, Turner, William Nicholson, John Piper, Rowlandson and Hogarth are only a few of the artists whose work has been reproduced in these pages, and the results are quite enchanting and a vital addition to one's favourite bookshelf.

Sir Osbert Sitwell calls his new little book "A Christmas Story for Cat-Lovers," but it may even, and in my own case, *has*, attracted someone who can scarcely be fitted into that category. THE TRUE STORY OF DICK WHITTINGTON (Home and Van Thal. 5s.) is a kind of modern fable presenting the tale as a success-story of the poor-boy-makes-good type, with a satiric comment and parallel on the world as we know it to-day.

Sir Richard Whittington died a rich man, and Lady Whittington, Sir Osbert tells us, took considerable pains in his later years to explain that the Lord Mayor had been misunderstood and misreported by those who spread the story that he owed all his success to a cat. She was a diplomatic lady, but we read that it did her little good, since her husband left his whole enormous fortune to the maintenance of his various cats' homes, and his widow became a very ordinary old lady living in seclusion—a catless seclusion—in Cornwall. Sir Osbert is at his most amusing with this kind of joke, and it might well be, if not a Christmas-card, at least a small birthday present to felinophiles.

THE WORLD WANTS CARPETS, and, now the celebrated Wilton factory near Salisbury has been released from war contracts, carpets for home consumption and carpets for export will soon be in large-scale production. Here a designer in the Wilton studios is seen checking a section of sample carpet against the approved design. The Wilton factory was founded in the seventeenth century in a district noted for weaving since Elizabethan days. It received its Royal Charter from William of Orange in 1701

THE GRAVE OF EARL LLOYD-GEORGE IS NOW COMPLETED: Designed by the architect Clough Williams-Ellis, it stands by the River Dwyfor and is made from local stone hewn by local masons. Its simple beauty recalls the lifetime habits of the great Liberal statesman, who was wont to sit on a certain stone overlooking the river. This stone is now in the centre of the shrine, to which entry is gained through a beautifully-designed wrought-iron gate set in a simple stone wall. It was arranged that a Service of Remembrance should take place by the grave on March 26

AN EMPLOYMENT OFFICE FOR ALL A.T.S. HAS BEEN SET UP: Ex-Chief Commander Miss Joyce Cambridge (left) interviewing ex-Sergeant Mrs. D. Rudall and ex-Sergeant Miss T. Ward at 81, Eaton Square, London, where members of the A.T.S. can now seek advice regarding jobs. Miss Ward has lately returned from service in Africa, Italy and Austria. She wears the ribbons of the 1939-45 Star, the France-Germany Star, and the Defence Medal. The Ministry of Labour has given its blessing to the new scheme

The London Museum has issued the seventh in their series of catalogues, MEDIEVAL CATALOGUE (10s.). This is mainly the work of Mr. J. B. Ward Perkins, F.S.A., and it is very fully illustrated with photographs and diagrams of such varied objects as keys, candlesticks, purses, spoons, harness, seals, door-knockers, buckles, jugs and other miraculously-preserved objects of domestic life from the thirteenth to the early-sixteenth centuries. As far as possible this material for illustration has been taken from London finds, and that has been a very rich source, but the museums of Winchester and Taunton have yielded up treasures too, and the search for the perfect illustration went even as far as the Musée de Cluny, in Paris, and the National Museum of Stockholm. The London Museum is to be congratulated on a fine production.

The SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The father of Lionel and John was a prisoner of war. Then came release and home once more, only to find their mother had disappeared and there was no one to care for the boys. In desperation he came to this Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2, where his anxieties were soothed like magic. These boys are happy to-day in the Society's care, and the father, knowing this, can concentrate on the difficulty of settling down to a normal life once more.

THE *NEW* Riley 1½ LITRE SALOON

Comments of the Critics

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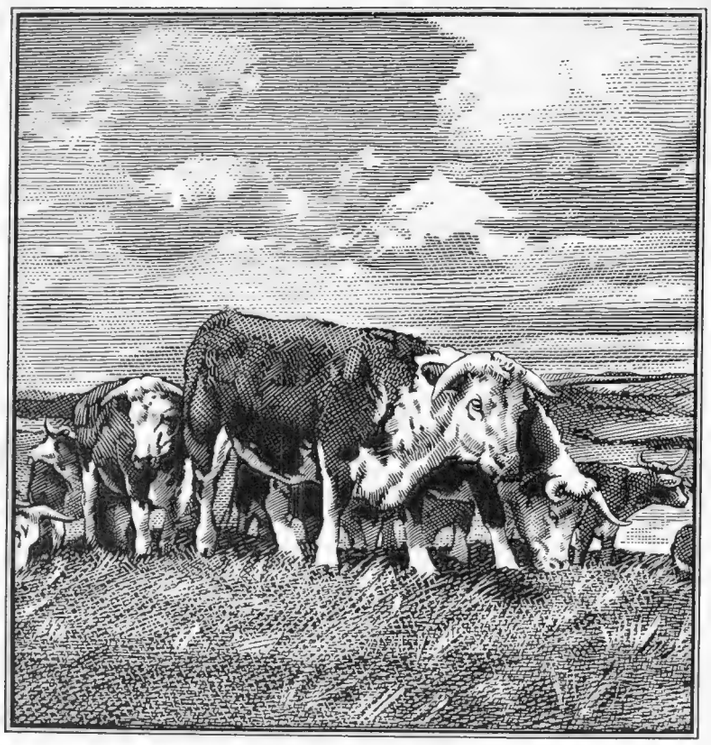

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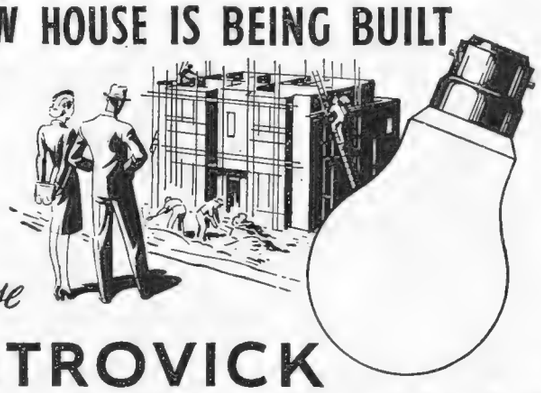

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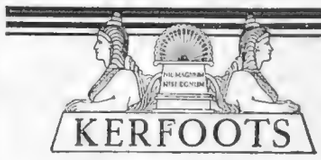

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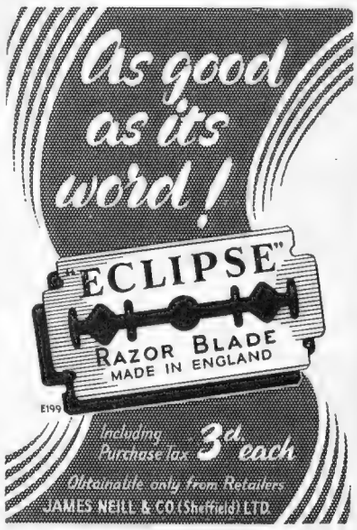

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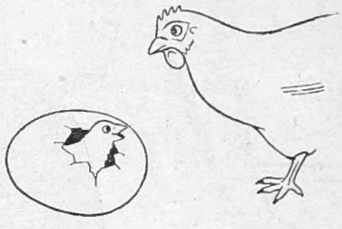

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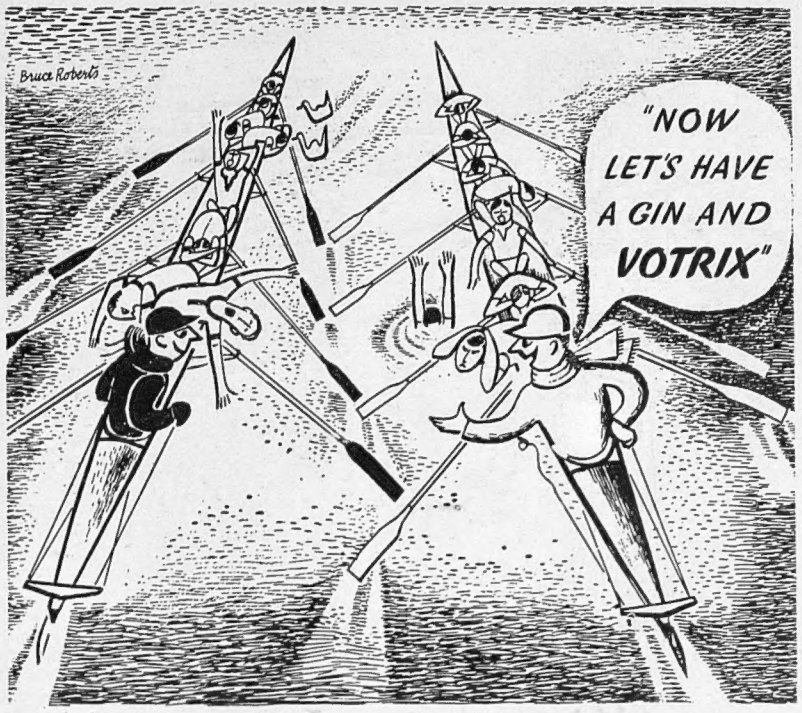

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